

105d
J O B's H Y M N S:

OR, A

B O O K O F S O N G S

U P O N T H E

B O O K O F J O B.

C O N T A I N I N G

An Hundred short POEMS, upon the same number of select parts and passages of that book; gathered out of every chapter thereof, according to the order in which the chapters of that sacred book are written; from some whereof one, and from others more subjects are chosen, to be the matter of the SONGS.

By the late REVEREND

MR. R A L P H E R S K I N E,

Minister of the Gospel at DUNFERMLINE.

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M DCC LIII.
28.



ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

IT pleased God to take my Father, the Author of this BOOK OF SONGS, unto himself, by death, on the 6th of Nov. last, in the 68th year of his age, being full 67 on the 15th of March last. The writing of these songs, together with others upon some passages of the New Testament, was his last piece of work, (abstracting from his ordinary work of preaching, etc.) before his going to join in the songs of the Ransomed above.

This book was transcribed from his characters, and thereafter was revised, all over, by himself, for the press, just before he was seized with his last illness; so that what here follows may be reckoned among his last and DYING words. I pray the LORD may make

4 A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

them effectual, by his blessing, unto the spiritual benefit and edification of the reader; which is an end, I make free to say, they are, in no small measure, well calculated to promote.

The above-named SONGS on the New Testament, with others upon some parts of the Old, (which have not yet been published,) will, I expect, be sent to the press in a short time hence.

I think it proper to add, that as JOHN NEWLANDS, the publisher, has a RIGHT, which he got from my Father, to have the sole privilege of publishing every one of his writings, that have been already published, or that shall be judged proper to be published, it is therefore expected that none will invade this his property.

FALKIRK, 4th }
Dec. 1752. }

HENRY ERSKINE.

P R E F A C E

I N D E F E N C E

Of Rhyme and Musical Metre.

R E A D E R,

AS all the Songs here are written in the form of what is called *common metre*, so the reason thereof is to answer the design proposed to me, of making the scripture songs adapted to our common tunes, so as it may be practicable to sing them as we do the Psalms of *David*: and it is owned, that as to the rhyme here, it is not designedly neglected, but rather exactly studied, notwithstanding that blank verse is now become very fashionable; that is, where the measure is kept without rhyme. The author of the book, intitled, *The Art of English Poetry*, page 35. says, "*Shakespeare*, to avoid the troublesome constraint of rhyme, " was the first that invented it; that our poets, since " him, have made use of it in many of their comedies " and tragedies, but that the most celebrated poem in " this kind of verse, is *Milton's Paradise Lost*." In a short preface to which book of *Milton's*, I see an encomium upon that kind of verse that is written without rhyme, as is that of *Homer* in Greek, and *Virgil*

in Latin, etc. " Rhyme, says that prefacer, being no
 " necessary adjunct, or true ornament of poems or good
 " verse, in longer works especially, but the invention
 " of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter, and
 " lame metre." The same author goes on to dispar-
 rage rhyme " as a thing in itself, to all judicious ears,
 " trivial and of no true musical delight ; which consists
 " only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, etc.
 " not in jingling sounds of like endings, etc. a fault
 " avoided by the learned antients, both in poetry and
 " all good oratory." Upon which he adds, in favour
 of that blank verse, " that the neglect of rhyme is so
 " little to be taken for a defect, though it may seem
 " so to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed
 " an example set (the first in English) of antient liber-
 " ty recovered to heroic poems, from the troublesome
 " and modern bondage of rhyming."

It is necessary, in setting forth a book of scriptural
 songs, wherein so much rhyme is used, that I here
 vindicate the use thereof, which I am not to do by say-
 ing any thing to the disparagement of blank verse, where-
 in so many fine and excellent thoughts are now deliver-
 ed, but by offering a just defence of rhyme against such
 mighty attacks, as tend to the utter disparagement there-
 of. Seeing, therefore, that such public advertisements
 of that kind, though they seem to make an exception
 of shorter poems, yet may tend to make any perform-
 ance, coming forth in rhyme, to be the more despica-
 ble, and thereby the benefit that otherwise might be
 reaped by the following songs, in a great measure, be
 marred to some readers, I shall here endeavour to roll
 that stumbling-block out of the way, by giving the
 judgment of some of the most modern writers in fa-
 vours of rhyme, who will be acknowleged, by all
 the readers of poesy, to be very competent judges.

D E F E N C E O F R H Y M E.

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By the way, such as are ready to conceive prejudice at rhyme in favours only of modest blank verse, may remember that rhyme, even as these that disparage it do acknowledge, "hath been graced by the use of our "most famous English poets, both old and late," without seeming in the least to be under any restraint or bondage thereby, any more than these that study blank verse are confined, by making them consist of apt numbers, and fit quantity of syllables, and the proper measure: besides, that that kind of verse appears to very many to agree much better with the Greek and the Latin dialects, than with the English; and that the proper pause, at the end of Latin verses particularly, seems to be much more easy and natural, than it is in English blank verse; which, for the most part, seems to have such a blank, to their apprehension, that they are ready either, in humouring the measure, to lose the sense, or, in seeking the sense, to lose the measure, especially where the periods are long. This seems to be the sentiment even of a renowned poet, the famous and ingenious Dr. Watts, in his preface to his *Lyric Poems*; where, after his very high commendation of *Milton's* works, he hath these words, "Yet all that vast reverence, with which I read his *Paradise Lost*, cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it: the length of his periods, and sometimes of his parentheses, run me out of breath; some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe that roughness and obscurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a Poem; nor will I ever affect a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly *Miltonian*, etc. The oddness of an antique sound gives but a false pleasure to the ears, and abuses the true relish even where it works delight," etc. These being the sentiments of such an eminent poet, concerning the measure and mo-

del of some blank verse, I have thought the less strange, that some very judicious persons, of my acquaintance, have wished, that *Milton's Paradise Lost*, *Young's Night Thoughts*, etc. had been written rather in poetic prose, such as *Hervey's Meditations*, or the like, that they might be the more easily and pleasantly read by them.

But further, that I may vindicate rhyme from the forementioned tash, in case any should think that I have studied too much exactness in humouring the sound, I shall, on this head, offer the judgment of some, whose skill, in poetry, cannot well be questioned. One is Mr. *Edward Bysshe*, the author of the foresaid book, intitled, *The Art of English Poetry*, who says, that “ the office of rhyme is to content and please the ear; “ and being designed for music, the sound must be regarded as well as the measure; and that if care be “ not taken in the propriety of the rhyme, that the “ sound of the last syllable be not too weak and languishing, the verses can never be graceful in the delivery, nor pleasing to the ear.” And in his preface to his dictionary of rhymes, he says, p. 7. that “ rhyme “ is by all allowed to be the chief ornament of versification in any of the modern languages, and therefore the more exact we are in the observation of it, “ the greater applause our productions of that nature “ will deservedly challenge and find.”

Another author I quote is the deservedly celebrated Mr. *Pope*, who, in our *Scots Magazine*, is designed the *British Homer*, and of whose death it is said, that, with *Pope*, “ the power of song, and force of music died.” In the preface to his *Essay on Man*, he gives this as one of his reasons for writing it in rhyme; “ This, says he, “ might have been done in prose, but I choose verse, “ and even rhyme, for two reasons; the one will appear obvious, that principles, maxims, and precepts, so written, both strike the reader more strong-

“ly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards.”

By these instances given from such as cannot but be reckoned among the best judges of poetry, the readers of the following songs may be guarded against the temptation of vilifying and undervaluing the sacred matter thereof, on account of the strict observance of the rhyme and metre, which, according to what is said above, ought rather to recommend them; and which is here studied, not, I hope, for the sake of vain applause, such as Mr. *Bysshe* seems to speak of, but that the divine truths may be delivered in a strain tending both to please the ear, and by that to strike the heart of the reader, and facilitate the retention or remembrance of the songs, which, in that form, as Mr. *Pope* observes, are more easily committed to the memory, especially if the truths delivered therein be duly apprehended by the mind, and embraced in the heart: and indeed I cannot imagine that the verses need be the less agreeable to the judgment, that they are not harsh and ungrateful to the ear.

Though the verses in this book have, for the most part, rhyme, not only in the second and fourth, but even in the first and third lines of every stanza; for the neglect of which, Dr. *Watts* hopes his reader will forgive him, in some of his hymns; yet I cannot say that I was thereby brought under much restriction and confinement, because when the matter was once conceived, the similar endings, together with the proper quantity of syllables, natively enough occurred without much study; and if they be rendered thereby the more musical, I hope it shall not hence be the more exceptionable, at least to the ordinary serious readers, for whose sake I have not industriously neglected it.

It is evident indeed from the examples we have in the Greek and Latin poets, and also the English, since

Shakespear's time, that rhyme is not essential to poetical writings, and that there may be the music of poetry, without the ornament of rhyme; but yet it seems as evident, that this ornament is no novelty. *Bailey's* dictionary informs, that *Mr. Skinner* is of opinion, that rhyme was first brought into Europe by the *Arabians*, but that instances are given of rhymes in the *Saxon* poetry long before the *Arabians* made such a figure in the world. But if that be reckoned a barbarous age, it is of more consequence that is farther told us, that *Mr. Dryden* says, *Monseur le Clerc* has made it out, that *David's* Psalms were written in as arrant (mere) rhyme as they are translated into. And if so, then this ornament has a very antient original, and is no modern invention.

Though I will never defend rhyme without reason, or base jingling metre without solid matter, and some sprightly metal (the great want whereof makes me far from commending my own); nor would I ever commend what is only musical in the ear, without being also instructive to the mind; for, no doubt, right rhyme will both delight the sense, and improve the intellectuals; yet such as have little taste for music at all, must allow others, yea, even all good judges, to agree with the foresaid eminent *Mr. Pope*, (in his encomium he makes of this heavenly art, as one expresses it, and in the advantage as well as pleasure it may always furnish to a well turned mind), in the following words:

*Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below, it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.*

And hence it may be said, especially of sacred and spiritual songs, the more musical, the more celestial.

D E F E N C E O F R H Y M E. II

The following book of songs, of whatever sort they are, is subjected to what it cannot escape, namely, the censure of the public, a gantlet not easily run in such a learned age, especially as the songs are spiritual, set out into the midst of a carnal and corrupt age, most part whereof will indeed never bestow a glance of their eye upon them, and therefore their censure needs not be feared; or if any do, it is like it may be with such contempt of them, in comparison of wanton and profane sonnets, as a certain *English* poet expresses, in the following lines :

*This leud and wicked age can't bear the wit
Of hymns and sonnets from the sacred writ;
But let one blasphemy and bawdy write,
The leud and modest both will take delight;
The blushing virgin pleas'd does love to look,
And plants the poem next her prayer book.*

RALPH ERSKINE.

DEFENSE OF RHYME

[illegible]

P R E F A C E
 TO THE
 S O N G S
 UPON THE
 B O O K OF J O B.

R E A D E R,

THE occasion of composing these Songs, upon this book, was, that after a report made in an open synod, that most of the scripture songs were already attempted in common metre, and ready to be transcribed, a question was put, Whether the book of Job was considered in that category? and though a doubt was raised by the author, if it was to be reckoned among the number of the scripture songs, yet the question set him afterwards a musing upon the subject of this book.

It is much doubted, among the learned, whether this book of Job is written originally in metre, yea, or not; but though they are of different judgments on this head, yet it is acknowledged by them all, that the subject of it is treated in a poetical manner, and that therein is discovered a great air of what is called epic poetry.

That there was such a man as Job, eminent for patience in adversity, is not only evident from this book, that goes under his name, but from several

other places of scripture that make honourable mention of him. And as it is probable, from scripture, that he was of the posterity of Nachor, so it may be thence also gathered, that the place where he lived was in the eastern parts of Arabia, and, perhaps, near the river Euphrates; for, it is granted by writers, that the land of Uz, the country of Job, was exposed to the incursions and depredations of the Caldeans, and that Caldea was eastward of Arabia.

The time when Job lived is thought to be before Moses, there being, in this whole book, no mention made of the law or the prophets, nor of any of the wonders God wrought for Israel in Egypt, or their travels to the land of Canaan. It is likewise thought, that the long life of Job, which was protracted to two hundred years, agrees much with the time of the old patriarchs; and hence it is reckoned probable that this book of Job is the oldest book in the world. Whence also his eminent piety and devotion is the more remarkable, that he had no advantage from the divine revelations made to Moses and the Jewish prophets. The light that directed him must have been that which the old patriarchs had by oral tradition from Adam and Noah, or by what God was pleased to communicate sometimes by dreams and visions in those early ages of the world.

I have not translated any of this book in a historical, but rather some parts of it in a doctrinal way. The whole history of this book is set forth in heroic rhyme, to very excellent purpose, by that lofty poet, and eminent author, Sir Richard Blackmore: from whose paraphrase on this book, tho' I have not followed him in every gloss of his upon some texts, yet I have taken all the help and assistance I could in framing many of these songs

into common metre; and upon so many parts of this book, that not one chapter is overpast without one or more songs upon such subjects therein as I judged most fit to be the matter of spiritual songs.

I did not see how the strict translation of this book, in a historical way, would answer the end of psalmography; and therefore that I might extract from it a number of songs, I have thought fit to pick out the places of this book, that appeared to me to be the most doctrinal, practical, experimental, instructive, or directive. And though I have, no doubt, passed over many places that might have afforded most edifying matter, and which I should wish to see drawn out, to better purpose, by any that have more skill and leisure than I; yet I have more fully insisted upon these chapters towards the end of the book, where God himself is said to be the speaker.

Some of these songs are by way of translation, and others more paraphrastical and large upon the places quoted at the title. And they being a century of songs, or an hundred different subjects at least, I have thought fit to give titles to every one of them; by which, I hope, they may be rendered the more agreeable and edifying to the reader, in so far as the subject of each song answers the title given to it: and readers may, at their pleasure, choose the matter of meditation that is most acceptable to them.

I do not expect that these songs should deserve to be esteemed for any poetical genius that may appear therein, seeing, in this respect, I am sensible enough of their defect; but if any think fit to decry them; or their author, for their spiritual matter, or religious design, he will have little reason to be displeased with them for doing him so great an honour. It is a great pity that many,

who are indued with an excellent genius for poetry, do occupy it so little upon such divine and scriptural subjects, and so much prostitute it to wantonness and folly, which is frequently set off in such a fine dress, that it may be said, I hope, pardonably, in the following lines :

(1)

Applauded for their vanity,
Are poets of the stage,
Skill'd in corrupting artfully
The manners of the age.

(2)

Who, fond to please the carnal taste,
Their sacred art defile,
And fine poetic spirit waste,
On subjects vain and vile.

(3)

Have Christian *Bards* no nobler themes,
To decorate their odes,
Than *Jove*, *Mars*, *Juno*, *Venus*, names,
And heaps of Pagan Gods ?

(4)

Shall buried idols, known to be
A fiction and a jest,
Be rais'd to paint our poetry,
And living truths suppress'd !

(5)

The learn'd, for helps to poetize,
Who *Greeks* and *Latins* rob,
May filch far better, if they please,
From this old book of *Job*.

(6)

Here's matter for the lofty muse;
Examples take at will,
All ye that read and can excuse
The softness of the quill.

RALPH ERSKINE.

A T A B L E O F T H E

SONGS upon the BOOK of JOB,
according to the order of the chap-
ters and verses they are drawn from.

	Song
JOB. i. 21. Losses thankfully received.	1
ii. 10. Patience in tribulation.	2
iii. 17. Repose in the grave.	3
iv. 17—21. The excellency of man laid low before God.	4
v. 6, 7. Sin the cause of trouble.	5
8. A saint's resolution how he should behave when in affliction.	6
9—16. God's great work in the king- dom of Christ.	7
17—27. Affliction born well ends well.	8
vi. 2, 3, 4. Terrors of God invading the soul.	9
vii. 17, etc. God's stooping to contend with man, admired.	10
viii. 5, 6, 7. Good counsel and good hope given to the afflicted.	11
9. Time and life short.	12
11—14. The hope of the hypocrite vain and vanishing.	13
ix. 2, 3, 4. God just in judging.	14
15, 20, 21. The righteousness of works discarded.	15
x. 1, 2, 14, 15. The afflicted soul's com- plaint to God.	16
xi. 7, 8, 9. God's wisdom unsearchable.	17
xii. 6, 10. That God may suffer the wicked to prosper, exemplified in beasts, birds, fishes, etc.	18

JOB xii. 11. Doctrine to be tried ere it be trusted.	19
12, 13. The wisdom of antient men nothing to the wisdom of the Antient of Days.	20
13—16. Proofs of God's power in doing his pleasure, and serving his own purposes.	21
17—25. Proofs of his power and wisdom in the revolutions of states and kingdoms.	22
xiii. 15. Strong faith in the hot furnace.	23
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xv. 14—17. Self-justification odious.	25
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13, 14. Death and the grave, the saints familiars.	29
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OF THE SONGS.

19
Song

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- xxiv. 1, 2—12, 13—23, 24. Many most wicked and mischievous, yet live and die in outward peace, and never visibly reckoned with here. 40
- xxv. 2—6. The greatness, goodness, and holiness, of God evidencing the guiltiness and impurity of man. 41
- xxvi. 5—14. The proofs of God's power and wisdom in the creation and preservation of the world. 42
- xxvii. 2—6. Job solemnly maintaining his integrity against the false accusation of his friends. 43
- 7—10. The hopeless state of the hypocrite. 44
- xxviii. 12—28. Wisdom's price great, and its place a secret, etc. 45
- xxix. 2—5. The heart's wish of a deserted saint. 46
- xxx. 1, 2, 8—12. Great honour turned to extreme contempt, and prosperity to calamity. 47
- xxxi. 1—4. Chastity exemplified, whoremongers and adulterers judged. 48
- xxxii. 8. The immateriality and immortality of the soul. 49
- 7, 8, 9. True wisdom not acquired by old-age, nor by learning, but by grace. 50
- xxxiii. 12—18. God infinitely above us, not accountable to us, yet merciful, both in hiding what he hides, and revealing what he reveals. 51
- 19—22. Sicknefs come to an extremity; or, a sick man brought to the gates of death.
- 23—30. A faithful soul's physician an instrument of bringing back the sick penitent from the gates of death; or, the gospel remedy skillfully applied, and Christ the only ransom. 52

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OF THE SONGS.

21.

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S O N G S

UPON SOME

SELECT PLACES

IN THE

B O O K O F J O B.

SONG I.

Losses thankfully received.

J O B i. 21.

(1)

NAKED at first, as any swain,
I left my mother's womb;
And shall anon return again
As naked to my tomb.

(2)

Who crown'd my life so gay, the same
May crush it to the grave:
God gives, and blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.

(3)

While smiling mercy crown'd my brow,
Its praise abroad was spread:
I'll now adore the justice too,
That strikes my comforts dead.

S O N G I I .

Patience in Tribulation.

Job ii. 10.

(1)

WHAT ! shall a man, a sinful man,
 A worm, with God contend,
 Dispute his will, his counsel scan,
 His rule of justice mend !

(2)

Shall we receive his blessings grand,
 Yet frowardly complain,
 Whenever his afflicting hand
 Creates us any pain !

(3)

Patience in trouble, though severe,
 We should submissive shew ;
 Blessings are not, yea, never were,
 But troubles are our due.

S O N G I I I .

Repose in the Grave.

Job iii. 17, 18, 19.

(1)

O QUIET grave, the wicked there
 No more the just molest ;
 Th' afflicted are at ease, and there
 The weary are at rest.

(2)

There, close to the oppressor's bones,
 Sleeps the oppress'd in peace ;
 And there the prisoners heavy moans
 And cries for ever cease.

(3)

The small and great, the friend and foe,
The conqu'ror and the slave;
The rich and poor, the high and low,
Are level'd in the grave.

(4)

There lies the sceptre with the spade,
Sunk to the same degree:
And there the servant-man, and maid,
Are from their master free.

(5)

The coward and the brave alike,
The peasant and the peer;
The wise and foolish, proud and meek,
Ly undistinguish'd there.

(6)

Soul-rest, to saints, in heaven is fix'd,
But body's rest, till doom,
Is there, where saints and sinners mix'd
Possess one quiet room.

S O N G IV.

The Excellency of Man laid low before God.

Job iv. 17, ——— 21.

S E C T. I.

(1)

SHALL mortal man, a tainted clod,
Boast righteousness divine,
Or think he can his Maker, God,
In purity outshine?

(2)

Behold, no trust is put by him,
In yonder glorious race
Of bright immortal seraphim,
That stand before his face.

D.

(3)

Of folly comp'rative can he
His purest angels blame,
Who, plung'd in his infinity,
Before him blush for shame?

(4)

And shall vain man, in impure state,
His innocence defend?
Will he with his Creator great
Presumptuously contend?

S E C T. II.

(1)

VILE mortal man, a worthless wight,
Triumphs but for a day;
And but inhabits, for a night,
A house of mould'ring clay.

(2)

His strongest lodge, and vital fort,
Is founded in the dust,
Which, quickly falling, cuts him short,
And disappoints his trust.

(3)

For but how soon a gnawing worm,
Or silly moth affails,
The rampart cannot stand the storm,
The feeble fabric fails.

(4)

The sap'd foundation every hour
Thus piece-meal feels decay;
And life, even in its blooming flower,
Does daily fade away.

(5)

So fast men perish out of sight,
Their pomp that shone before,
And once could wonder fond excite,
Can raise regard no more.

JOB'S HYMNS

22

(6)

In vain on power and wealth atchiev'd,
For help at last they cry:
For without wisdom, as they liv'd,
They in their folly die.

SONG V.

Sin the Cause of Trouble.

Job v. 6, 7.

(1)

AFFLICTION springs not from the earth,
Nor trouble from the dust;
Yet men are heirs of woe by birth;
Sad heritage! but just.

(2)

Flames to their element ascend,
So men, conceiv'd in sin,
To trouble, as their centre tend,
Like kindred to their kin.

(3)

For sin and woe, twins of the clan,
By chance were ne'er convey'd,
But propagate from man to man,
Since Adam disobey'd.

SONG VI.

The Saint's Resolution when in Affliction.

Job v. 8.

(1)

TO God I'd seek, when in his chain
I'm held, and would submit;
All my own paths I would arraign,
But his I would acquit.

(2)

I would his justice magnify,
His faithfulness adore,
Revere his name, but still would I,
Like hell, myself abhor.

(3)

Confessing all my faults and flaws,
That made him lift the rod,
I'd to my judge commit my cause,
Refer myself to God.

(4)

By humble resignation bow'd
Down at his feet I'd ly;
And, through the Lamb's atoning blood,
Would for his mercy cry.

S O N G VII.

*God's great work in the kingdom of Christ,
and in his providence among men, espe-
cially in frustrating the counsels of the
proud, and favouring the cause of the
poor and humble.*

Job v. 9, ——— 16.

(1)

GREAT things are done of God most high,
Which finite search exceed;
Things numberless which every eye
With admiration feed.

(2)

His providence most marvelous,
When least 'tis understood;
Yet still is just and righteous,
Still merciful and good.

(3)

He spreads his clouds along the skies,
Surprizing to behold ;
And forms his rain-drops, shape and size,
Into an unknown mold.

(4)

Then he his waters from on high,
Upon the mountains pours ;
And on the valleys plenteously,
He sheds prolific show'rs.

(5)

He sets the servant, that was low,
Into the master's place ;
And wipes the tears of grief and woe
From off the mourner's face.

(6)

He disappoints the crafty men,
Their projects undermines ;
He makes their deep devices vain,
And blasts their great designs.

(7)

He takes his wise politic foes,
In their own craftiness ;
Their froward counsels overthrows,
That would his saints oppress.

(8)

Against themselves he turns their arts,
Confounds their wicked schemes ;
Their proud and lofty hopes subverts,
And frustrates all their aims.

(9)

They, by their plots, themselves benight,
And into darkness run ;
Mistake their way, obscure their light,
And grope for day at noon.

(10)

But God th' oppressors rage o'erthrows,
 Their swords and spears doth break;
 And from the proud and mighty foes,
 Protects the poor and weak.

(11)

Thus to the poor he kindly doth
 Afford reviving hopes;
 And then the black and bloody mouth
 Of fierce injustice stops.

(12)

The poor and humble are advanc'd,
 To peace and safety given;
 And foes agham'd that fought against
 The favourites of heaven.

S O N G V I I I.

*Afflictions born well end well. What great
 things God oft-times does for these that
 humble themselves under his chastising hand.*

Job v. 17, ——— 27.

(1)

LO! happy is the man whom God,
 In kindness doth correct;
 Then do not thou his chast'ning rod,
 Contemptuously neglect.

(2)

The more th' Almighty makes thee smart,
 To break thy carnal ease,
 The more he seeks to win thy heart,
 And bring thee to thy knees.

(3)

His skill binds up what he made sore,
 By his incision-knife;
 He wounds and heals, and does restore
 From gates of death to life.

(4)

From numerous troubles, various woes,
He'll save and set thee free,
And order to a joyful close,
This scene of misery.

(5)

Thy life he'll guard with tender care,
When famine threatens death;
And from the raging sword thee spare,
When war breaks out in wrath.

(6)

The pois'nous darts thrown at thy name,
From the invective tongue,
Shall neither wound thy stablish'd fame,
Nor do thy honour wrong.

(7)

God's hiding hand, when men dispraise,
The stand'ring tongue shall curb;
Reproaches thy repute shall raise,
Nor once thy peace disturb.

(8)

When grim destruction, with her drove
Of woes, shall shake her spear,
Her threats tremendous shall but move
Thy laughter, not thy fear.

(9)

All nature reconcil'd displays
Its care to give thee ease,
When, through his grace, thy righteous ways
The God of nature please.

(10)

With thee shall flocks, that load the field,
Make league, thy part to take;
And savage beasts, thy life to shield,
A firm alliance make.

(11)

The fire, the air, the earth, the seas,
 Each element with thee,
 A lasting covenant of peace
 Shall strictly ratify.

(12)

Thy habitation thou shalt know,
 In quietness possess'd ;
 Thou shalt offenceless come and go,
 And find thy mansion bless'd.

(13)

Thy offspring and posterity
 Shall num'rous be and great ;
 Their increase like the grass shall be,
 With beautiful flow'rs beset.

(14)

Thou in full age, ripe for the urn,
 On death shalt cheerful look,
 As when a full-grown shock of corn
 Invites the welcome hook.

(15)

Weigh these undoubted truths sedate,
 And therein thou shalt find,
 A spring of consolation great,
 To thy afflicted mind.

S O N G IX.

Terrors of God invading the Soul.

Job vi. 2, 3, 4.

(1)

O T H A T the grief surrounding me,
 Were in a balance laid,
 And my extreme calamity
 Were now against it weigh'd !

(2)

Then let an equal judge appear,
His thoughts to signify,
Which scale the greatest weight does bear,
He'd soon decide with me.

(3)

My crosses overweigh my cries,
My loads of woe and pain
Exceed the pond'rous sand that lies
Around the ebbing main.

(4)

Unutterable are the groans,
My weary soul oppresses;
Nor have I words to speak my moans,
Or shew my deep distress.

(5)

The arrows of th' almighty God
Stick fast within my heart;
Each fest'ring wound burns up my blood,
And gives me deadly smart.

(6)

Arrows, whose heads like flaming eyes,
And pointed light'ning shine;
Steep'd in the strongest dregs and lees
Of fiery wrath divine.

(7)

The poison thereof, raging high,
Soon spreads without controul;
Drinks up and drains my spirits dry,
And eats into my soul.

(8)

God's threat'ning terrors all drawn out,
In order and array,
For battle, closing me about,
Invade me every way.

E

SONG X.

*God stooping to contend with man admired,
and his pardoning mercy begged.*

Job vii. 17. ———

(1)

O WHAT is man, that worthless wight,
That God should condescend
To magnify him, and in might
With such a rush contend !

(2)

On brittle man, from dust brought forth,
Wilt thou indeed bestow
Such honour great ? or is he worth
Thy notice, or thy blow ?

(3)

Is such a mortal fit to be
The object of thy rage ?
Wilt thou thy strong artillery
Against a worm engage ?

(4)

Or if it is thy kindly aim,
By this thy chast'ning rod,
The wand'ring sinner to reclaim,
And bring him back to God :

(5)

Still what is man, a bit of clay,
That so incessantly
Thou dost him visit every day,
And every moment try.

(6)

Lord, I have sinn'd, what shall I do,
O thou preserver great ?
Remit my guilt, remove my woe,
And all my faults forget.

S O N G X I .

Good counsel and good hope given to the afflicted.

Job viii. 5, 6, 7.

(1)

I F thou who feels the hand of God,
His justice wouldst adore ;
And, timely humbled by the rod,
His mercy wouldst implore ;

(2)

I f, to the pray'r, heart pureness cleave,
His favour would thee raise ;
Thy prosp'rous state he would retrieve,
And crown thy righteous ways.

(3)

Though thy beginning, small and low,
Seem but an abject state ;
Thy latter end shall not be so,
But have an increase great.

S O N G X I I .

Time and Life short.

Job viii. 9.

(1)

W E ' R E but of yesterday's new mold,
Our life's of no regard,
When with our long-liv'd fathers old
And ancestors compar'd.

(2)

No knowlege nor experience we
Can ever justly boast :
Our days like shadows are that flee,
No sooner had, than lost.

S O N G X I I I .

The hope of the hypocrite vain and vanishing.

Job viii. 11, ——— 14.

(1)

JUST as a weak and empty rush,
That in a watery mead,
With hasty growth and easy push,
Rears up its haughty head ;

(2)

In moisture rich, in verdure gay,
Unmov'd and not cut down ;
Yet on a sudden wears away,
Ere other plants are grown :

(3)

So shall the wicked's beauty fade,
The hypocrite's fair shew ;
Who no foundation firm hath laid,
But mire in which he grew.

(4)

His swelling hopes, ere he's awar,
In their high tide shall ebb ;
His groundless trust is weaker far
Than any spider's web.

(5)

He on his tottering house shall lean,
A false and fruitless prop,
Which sinking soon shall fail him clean,
And disappoint his hope.

S O N G X I V .

God just in judging.

Job ix. 2, 3, 4.

(1)

WHEN justice, out of mercy's rod,
Thoughts, words, and actions tries,
How can a man be just with God,
Or pure before his eyes ?

(2)

Once to contend, if God begins,
Vain shifts will have no sense ;
Not one of all our thousand sins
Can bear a just defence.

(3)

He's wise in heart, and strong in might,
What arm can his repel ?
Who can against him safely fight,
Or prosper that rebel ?

S O N G X V .

The Righteousness of Works discarded.

Job ix. 15, 20, 21.

(1)

G O D ' s eyes espy our aims afar,
And, to his clearer sight,
These very ways most crooked are,
That we esteem'd most right.

(2)

Then righteous though I were, yet I
To answer him would grudge ;
And, laying proud pretences by,
Would supplicate my judge.

(3)

Should I my innocence aver,
 My mouth would brand my face;
 Yea, were I perfect, I'd prefer
 The way of life by grace.

S O N G X V I.

The afflicted Soul's Complaint to God.

Job x. 1, 2, 14, 15.

(1)

T H E constant woes that load my back,
 Such endless groans create;
 My present life's a very black
 Uncomfortable state.

(2)

My restless weary soul abhors
 This loathsome lump of clay;
 Longs to be free of sin and foresh,
 And wing to heav'n her way.

(3)

I make to God my heavy moan,
 To give my sorrow vent;
 But yet upon myself alone
 I'll leave my sad complaint.

(4)

I'm press'd, but I condemn thee not;
 O Lord, condemn not me:
 Why thou contends with me so hot
 Shew, Lord, and let me see.

(5)

If I be wicked in thine eye,
 Then woe to me indeed:
 If righteous, yet shall never I
 Lift up my haughty head.

(6)

Despair and deep confusion do
 My wounded soul oppress :
 O shew thy mercy, see my woe,
 And pity my distress.

S O N G X V I I .

God's Wisdom unsearchable.

Job xi. 7, 8, 9.

(1)

CAN human reason's utmost stretch,
 Her arms so far extend,
 As shall th' Eternal's counsel reach,
 His wisdom comprehend ?

(2)

What creature can with finite hand
 The vast dimension weigh !
 'Tis longer than the earth or land,
 And broader than the sea.

(3)

Higher than heaven, what canst thou know,
 So infinitely steep ?
 Deeper than hell, what canst thou do,
 But awful distance keep ?

S O N G X V I I I .

*That God may suffer the wicked to prosper,
 exemplified in beasts, birds, fishes, and
 resolved into his absolute dominion over,
 and propriety in all his creatures.*

Job xii. 6, — 10.

(1)

AFFLICTIONS great are of the just,
 In time, the common fate ;
 While wicked men, that lick the dust,
 Enjoy a prosp'rous state.

(2)

Robbers and spoilers see their stock
 Of worldly wealth endure;
 And these who most do God provoke,
 On earth live most secure.

(3)

Great gifts, on them he disregards,
 With lavish hand he throws,
 And on them multiply'd rewards,
 Unmerited, bestows.

(4)

Ask now the beasts, and trial make,
 How matters with them go;
 Soon will they tell how they partake
 The self-same kind of woe.

(5)

How bears, wolves, monsters of the wood,
 That ravage and destroy,
 Inur'd to rapine, spoil, and blood,
 Yet peace and pow'r enjoy.

(6)

While harmless flocks on hills that browse,
 And useful herds, each way,
 To men their friends, or beasts their foes,
 Are daily made a prey.

(7)

Ask of the fowls aloft that flee,
 For answer they'll return,
 That they, conform to their degree,
 The same disaster mourn.

(8)

They will assert their vultures rude,
 And tyrants live secure;
 While doves and birds of mildest brood,
 A thousand woes endure.

(9)

Then ask the fishes what's their state,
And question how they do,
They'll tell that this unequal fate
Attends the ocean too.

(10)

Great whales, sea-tyrants, drunk with blood,
That prosper to their wish,
Devour controulless, in the flood,
Whole shoals of harmless fish.

(11)

This state of things fram'd he, whose pow'r
All beings did produce;
Whose wisdom too, in ord'ring sure,
Hath fix'd their end and use.

(12)

God's creatures are his own, their lives
He may at pleasure take;
When he resumes but what he gives,
Who can objections make?

S O N G X I X .

Doctrine to be tried ere it be trusted.

Job xii. 11.

(1)

THE ear tries words before they be
Receiv'd as true and good;
The mouth tastes meat ere ever we
Can judge it wholesome food.

(2)

Doctrines and spirits thus we try,
By grace's inward gust;
Lest we for truth receive a lie,
For food to poison trust.

S O N G X X .

*The wisdom of antient men nothing to the
wisdom of the Antient of Days.*

Job xii. 12, 13.

(1)

THOUGH wisdom oft, we are assur'd,
In hoary heads appears,
And understanding is matur'd
By time and num'rous years.

(2)

Yet knowlege pure, no where we see
But in th' eternal mind.

In God and him alone can we
Consummate knowlege find.

(3)

The wise on earth derive from him,
The wisdom which we praise:
Their tapers only shine with dim
And delegated rays.

S O N G X X I .

*Proofs of God's power in doing his pleasure
in earth and heaven, and serving his own
purposes among men.*

Job xii. 13, — 16.

(1)

GOD's pow'r, with wisdom join'd, we must
With equal fear adore:
Proud towns he levels with the dust,
To be rebuilt no more.

(2)

When slaves in prison he restrains,
Shut up in death or hell,
Who then can loose their pond'rous chains,
Or pow'r divine repel?

(3)

He binds the watery cloud, and stops
The bottles of the skies;
And to the earth's sore wither'd crops,
His heav'nly dew denies.

(4)

Again, the rains, at his command,
Make all the rivers swell,
O'erflow their borders, drench the land,
And fears of drought dispel.

(5)

Wisdom and strength are his, he rules
O'er strong and crafty foes;
Deceiving and deceived fools
Are both at his dispose.

S O N G X X I I .

*Proofs of God's wisdom and power in the
revolution of states and kingdoms.*

Job xii. 17,——25.

(1)

FROM judges judgement God withdraws;
From counsellors of state
Detracting wisdom and applause,
With fools he does them rate.

(2)

Proud monarchs cruel bonds he breaks,
Tears their engines of pain;
And binds, on tort'ring tyrants necks,
The tortur'd pris'ner's chains.

(3)

He overturns the mighty peers,
And princes in their pride;
These that abash'd the world with fears,
He makes the world deride.

(4)

He takes their wisdom from the wise,
And knowledge from the sage,
And makes their former friends despise
Their oracles and age.

(5)

On princes great he pours contempt,
On kings of wide command,
He wrests, what seem'd from woe exempt,
Their sceptres from their hand.

(6)

To his all-penetrating eye,
The darkest shades of night,
And deepest hellish plots do ly
As ope as noon-day light.

(7)

By him all nations high or low,
And kingdoms wax and wean;
By him their numbers ebb or flow,
And share the blifs or bane.

(8)

Great chiefs, like cowards, thro' heartless fright,
He makes in deserts stray,
As drunkards groping in the night,
And reeling lose their way.

S O N G XXIII.

Strong Faith in the hot Furnace.

Job xiii. 15, 16.

(1)

LET God upon me frown or smile,
I'll rest upon his name;
He knows, if of approved guile
My heart does me condemn.

(2)

Should he even double my distress,
 In hotter fires to try;
 Yet I'll adore his righteousness,
 And on his word rely.

(3)

Yea, though he hew me to the root,
 With lifted hand to kill,
 Yet, through his grace, I'm resolute,
 That in him trust I will.

S O N G XXIV.

Man frail and filthy the object of divine pity, etc.

Job xiv. 1, — 15.

S E C T. I. Ver. 1, — 4.

(1)

FRAIL man, as soon as born, decays,
 Like flow'rs that quickly fade;
 He counts a few and troublous days,
 Then passes like a shade.

(2)

Will God regard so base a wight,
 Contend with such a moth,
 The spawn of hell, an ugly sight,
 So frail and filthy both!

(3)

Who can clean things from unclean bring,
 Pure streams from impure mud,
 But he that came to clear the spring
 By water and by blood!

S E C T. II. Ver. 5, 6.

Our days are numbered, and the time of life fixed.

(1)

O LORD, the days of man are all
Inroll'd in thy decree;
And of the months that to him fall
The number is with thee.

(2)

The bounds of time he cannot pass
In which thou dost him close:
Let this suffice, nor add a mass
Of more uncommon woes.

(3)

O grant him the respite and ease,
His torments make him ask,
And let him finish, by degrees,
His life's appointed task.

S E C T. III. Ver. 7,—12.

*Life natural being gone returns not: Or, the
dead never awaken till the last day.*

(1)

Life vegetive, when lost in roots,
With rains may be reviv'd;
Life animal, in certain brutes,
With solar beams retriev'd.

(2)

But *spirits rational* when gone,
Too great for nature's scent,
Have no restoratives but one,
That is omnipotent.

(3)

*Ere death man daily wastes away ;
In death gives up the ghost ;
But after death, where is he, pray,
When to the living lost ?*

(4)

*High floods and seas that left their shore,
Will at their times return ;
But man resumes his life no more,
Whom death does once in-urn.*

(5)

*Death to the grave his dust conveys,
There sleeps the hidden prey ;
Nor wakes till with a mighty noise,
The heav'ns shall pass away.*

S E C T. IV. Ver. 13, — 15.

*Desire to die may consist with a waiting till
the change come.*

-(1)

*LORD, in the silent grave I'd rest,
There let me safely ly,
Till shades of sin and wrath be chas'd,
And glory deck the sky.*

(2)

*Since wrath will each man, for his crime,
From present life estrange,
All days of my appointed time
I'll wait my future change.*

(3)

*Though thou prolong this mournful scene,
In hope I'll patient stay,
Till thou revive my joys again,
And chase my woes away.*

(4)

Thy call both to and from the grave
 I'll gladly hear, and go ;
 And thou thy strong desire to save
 Thy handy-work wilt show.

S O N G X X V .

Self-justification odious.

Job xv. 14, 15, 16.

(1)

A H ! what's vain man that seems so pure,
 As not his spots to spy,
 When fairest seraphs can't endure
 Jehovah's piercing eye!

(2)

He sees his saints not whole upright,
 What can in slaves be seen ?
 How vile's the earth, when in his sight
 The heav'ns are but unclean ?

(3)

Their hosts before the *holy thrice*,
 Do blush and hide their smuts ;
 How odious then is man who vice
 Like water daily gluts ?

S O N G X X V I .

*The ruin of those who bid defiance to God
 and his power.*

Job xv. 24, 25, 26, 30.

(1)

CONFUSION, anguish, and distress,
 The wicked shall assail,
 To give them battle, with disgrace,
 And o'er their strength prevail.

JOB'S HYMNS. 49

(2)

Because against th' almighty Lord
They boldly take the field;
Yea, run upon his flaming sword,
And on his blazing shield.

(3)

Mad wretches, they defy their God,
And void of holy fear,
Deride his darts that fly abroad,
And rush upon his spear.

(4)

But soon their hope shall be dissolv'd,
And sink in sudden fright;
Their pride abash'd, their heads involv'd,
In everlasting night.

S O N G XXVII.

Afflictions heaped up and come to an extremity.

Job xvi. 14, 15, 16.

(1)

OF breaking woes a numerous train
Invade my frightened soul,
As crouding billows of the main
Do o'er each other roll.

(2)

What war does the Almighty wage
With such a feeble flea,
That, like a giant in his rage,
He fiercely runs on me?

(3)

Sackcloth I wear upon my skin,
Of ornaments despoil'd;
And, dabbled in the dust unclean,
My glory lies defil'd.

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(4)

My cheeks with constant weeping fade,
 Stain'd with a briny bath;
 And on mine eye-lids hangs the shade
 Of gloomy dismal death.

S O N G XXVIII.

The growing strength of the righteous.

Job xvii. 9.

(1)

THE plant of grace shall ever thrive,
 Though nature's brood decay;
 The righteous in the Lord shall live,
 And still hold on his way.

(2)

His hands from mischief clean withal,
 His heart from malice free;
 Stronger and stronger still he shall
 For work and warfare be.

(3)

He marches dauntless on his way,
 Let blackest tempests blow;
 No dangers do his heart dismay,
 But make his vigour grow.

S O N G XXIX.

Death and the Grave the Saints familiars.

Job xvii. 13, 14.

(1)

MY earthly friends have turn'd my foes,
 So cruel and unjust,
 That I expect, to end my woes,
 More friendship in the dust.

(2)

No house of pleasure here 'bove ground,
Do I expect to have;
My bed of rest for sleeping sound,
I've made the silent grave.

(3)

Lo! welcome death on me attends,
The hungry grave me waits;
These made I my familiar friends,
My relatives and mates.

(4)

I to corruption cry'd, O dust,
Thou art my father known;
From thee I came, to thee I must
Return as ev'n thine own.

(5)

I to the worm said, Brother worm,
And sister, you and I
Do differ but in size and form,
We are of kin so nigh:

(6)

I'm but a mortal worm like you;
This loathsom piece of clay
Must to your pow'r a booty bow,
Until the rising day.

S O N G XXX.

The calamities that await the wicked.

Job xviii. 5, 6, 10, 12, 14,---20.

(1)

THE wicked's splendor shall decay,
Like short-liv'd sparks of fire;
Thick fogs shall choke his glorious day,
And make his beams expire.

(2)

By labour'd plots and deep designs,
Which he for others flows,
A halter for himself he twines;
His wiles become his woes.

(3)

Death and destruction o'er his head
Do constantly impend;
His pleasures, which he gluts with greed,
Shall all in torment end.

(4)

His hope shall fall and never rise,
For with his bloody dart
The king of terrors, in surprise,
Shall strike him to the heart,

(5)

Quite from the earth God's venging hand
The wicked man shall chase;
Nor leave behind a branch to stand
Of all his hateful race.

(6)

In after-times the godless wretch
Shall be unknown to fame;
Or mention'd only with reproach,
With horror, and with shame.

(7)

In future fame some names indeed
Will stand for little good;
Like *Pontius Pilate* in the creed,
For blasphemy and blood.

(8)

Such oft, in time, the wicked's fate
Do indicate the store
Of sorrows, which his soul await,
When time shall be no more.

SONG XXXI.

Reproof to Reproachers.

Job xix. 2, 3, 22.

(1)

WHY, cruel friends, will ye so long
With bitter words me vex,
My name reproach, my virtue wrong,
My righteous cause perplex ?

(2)

Must still your answers without sense,
And void of argument,
With solemn grave impertinence,
My spirit thus torment ?

(3)

Can pious lies deserve applause
By being spoke aloft ?
Or do you think them true, because
You humm'd them o'er so oft ?

(4)

The wounds you give me cruel are ;
Your contumelious words,
And slanderous taunts, are sharper far
Than keenest pointed swords.

(5)

God's right t' afflict, him well becomes ;
But your afflicting rod,
With pride and passion base, assumes
The privilege of God.

S O N G . XXXII.

Friends turned to enemies, and brethren to aliens.

Job xix. 11,---14. Comp. ch. xvii. 4, 6.

(1)

G O D ' s trying fury kindles bright,
 Ev'n of its own accord ;
 'Gainst me, whose heart and cause is right,
 He waves his glitt'ring sword.

(2)

Fierce troops and regimented woes
 In battle-rank, I see,
 Do by his order me inclose,
 And fiercely rush on me.

(3)

Brethren and kindred knit their brows,
 And treat me as unknown ;
 Break nature's bonds, renounce their vows,
 And their own blood disown.

(4)

Familiar friends and kins-folk too,
 Who kindly me embrac'd,
 Have fail'd me, and forgot me now,
 And all their friendship past.

(5)

Disdainful striplings me despise,
 Who honour'd me before ;
 Yea, those I once did chiefly prize
 Now chiefly me abhor.

(6)

Just Lord, from their reproaches, please
 To vindicate my name,
 And mercifully cover these
 Perfidious friends with shame.

S O N G X X X I I I .

*The happiness that awaits the godly: Or,
The blessed hope of the righteous.*

Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

(1)

THAT my Redeemer lives I know,
Though, by his sentence just,
My body, for a season, low,
Shall dwell with fellow dust.

(2)

In him triumphant over death,
I'll trample on the grave;
For he that conquer'd hell and wrath,
Can dust and ashes save.

(3)

My living head, when bankrupt time
Shall its last minute spend,
He then from heav'n his throne sublime
In triumph shall descend.

(4)

He on the surface of the earth
As judge supreme shall stand;
And from the tomb to recent birth
His captive dust demand.

(5)

The mighty conqueror shall invade,
And sack the cruel grave,
Force every vault where bones were laid,
And rescue every slave.

(6)

Though worms and putrefaction shall
My mould'ring skin consume,
And eat my flesh, yet, at his call,
My body now shall bloom:

(7)

Reviv'd, I from the dust shall rise,
 And God my Saviour see,
 With these my own corporeal eyes,
 That shall immortal be.

(8)

I for myself, and for my gain,
 Shall see the happy light,
 And over death for ever reign,
 To share the vision bright.

S O N G XXXIV.

*Rash judging condemned: Or, Job's warn-
 ing to his censorious friends.*

Job xix. 28, 29.

(1)

O FRIENDS! your groundless rage suppress;
 The wrath of man is proud,
 And worketh not the righteousness,
 But brings the wrath of God.

(2)

Rash judging him in whom is found
 The sacred matter's root,
 Your darts will on yourselves rebound,
 To 'venge the wrong pursuit.

(3)

Of justice sword stand you afraid,
 When by th'Almighty drawn;
 His vengeance will your heads invade,
 Not on your treach'ry fawn.

(4)

In fierce uncharitable zeal
 You're furiously devout;
 But cover'd fraud God will reveal,
 And to the flames allot.

(5)

Know that the day approaches fast,
 In which the judge supreme,
 Will all your bloody censures cast,
 Your bitter words condemn.

(6)

Repent then, lest your violence
 Bring present judgments home;
 Else will your proud impenitence
 Foretell your future doom.

S O N G X X X V.

*The prosperity of the wicked short, and their
 ruin sure.*

Job xx. 5, — 9, 11, — 14.

(1)

THE wicked's triumph is but short,
 And quickly melts away;
 His empty joy, and idle sport,
 Does but a moment stay.

(2)

Though to the heav'n his head he raise,
 His grandeur to the sky,
 Yet, lost for ay, he, and his praise,
 Cloath'd in the dust shall ly.

(3)

He, miserable and forlorn,
 Fades with a swift decay;
 Cast, like his own vile dung, with scorn,
 And with contempt, away.

(4)

These who his splendour did admire,
 And saw his pomp before,
 And, where is now his place? inquire,
 Shall never see it more.

(5)

His short-liv'd fame and great esteem,
That gull'd him all his days,
Shall vanish like a wanton dream,
That in the fancy plays.

(6)

Yea, he shall by a sudden bane
Be chas'd away with fright,
In manner like a fantome vain,
Or vision of the night.

(7)

His blazing lamp shall disappear,
So shall he perish clean ;
And in the place of his career
Shall never more be seen.

(8)

As he was closely fix'd to sin,
By love too too sincere ;
So sin, alas ! shall unto him
As faithfully adhere.

(9)

For guilty marks, and ensigns bad,
Of his unbridled lust,
Continue his companions sad,
And fellows in the dust.

(10)

These morsels sweet shall bitter grow,
Consume his vital breath,
And follow him, with dool and woe,
To th' other side of death.

SONG XXXVI.

*The wicked hardened in their impiety by
their prosperity.*

Job xxi. 7, — 16.

(1)

OFT do we see the wicked safe,
And unmolested dwell;
Oft do they flow in pleasure soft,
And in their wealth excel.

(2)

In merriment and carnal ease
They spend each happy day,
Healthful in riot, and in age
Appear without decay.

(3)

The regal throne of pomp and pride
In triumph they ascend;
Repeat their conquests, and abroad
Their growing pow'r extend.

(4)

Vig'rous though far, advanc'd in years,
Before their eyes they see
What elevates their pride, a fair
And num'rous progeny.

(5)

Their houses safe from fears and foes,
In peace they live secure;
Nor God's vindictive heavy blows
Do ever they endure.

(6)

Their prosp'rous cattel, thick and throng,
Ingender on the hill;
And with their num'rous wanton young,
Their flocks the valley fill.

Their merry little ones, in trains,
Do from their house advance;
Sport in the streets, and o'er the plains
And verdant meadows dance.

(8)

They take the harp, and in the round,
Upon the timbrel play;
And at the organ's cheerful sound,
Rejoice, and pass the day.

(9)

Pamper'd in ease, and mirth, and wealth,
They spend their golden hours;
Consume their time, abuse their health,
And waste their vital pow'rs.

(10)

By years, and not by sickness, they
At last their shoulders bend;
And ripe in years, anon decay,
And to the grave descend.

(11)

Hence, puff'd up with prodigious pride,
Religion they condemn;
God's threats and precepts they deride,
And saints, as fools, contemn.

(12)

They bid th' almighty God depart,
And arrogantly say,
We don't desire, nor have at heart,
The knowledge of thy way.

(13)

What's the Almighty? Where's our fee?
Should we to serve him deign?
Some pray and praise, but don't we see
They spend their breath in vain?

(14)

Thus wicked men, whom heav'n does load
With earthly happiness;
Their native spite against their God
Profanely do express.

S O N G XXXVII.

*God's ways of providence towards men at-
tended with great variety.*

Job xxi. 17, — 26.

(1)

SOMETIMES destruction impious men
Ev'n in this world invades;
Though oft their lamp of life's burnt out,
Before their glory fades.

(2)

God's fatal judgments for their crimes,
Oft soon their life consume;
Amidst their pomp, there's but a step
Betwixt them and their doom.

(3)

Oft with his driving wrath he's pleas'd
From off the earth to chase,
As chaff before the stormy wind,
This irreligious race.

(4)

Their sin and guilt the mighty God
Does treasure up with care;
And for their childrens heritage,
Will stores of wrath prepare.

(5)

Their progeny that tread their steps,
Shall suffer for their crimes;
And they themselves oft live to see
These very dismal times.

(6)

Their cursed lips shall deeply drink
Of God's embitter'd bowl;
Their haughty eyes shall downward sink,
And in destruction roll.

(7)

Ah then ! what comfort to them shall
Their race surviving raise,
When in the middle, after all,
Grim death cuts off their days!

(8)

On the reverse, sometimes the just
May prosper, though 'tis plain
Their lot and ordinary fate
Is trouble, want, and pain.

(9)

Yet who will thence against the ways
Of God most high object?
To guide, govern, and rule the world,
Who shall his hands direct?

(10)

Does not the great omniscient God
All things distinctly know?
For he's the judge of saints above,
The judge of kings below.

(11)

Who then to teach him wisdom will
Adventure or pretend?
And clearly show him how, with skill,
His government to mend?

(12)

One dies in his full strength and health,
No change he thought upon;
When full of marrow, mirth, and wealth,
Yet in a moment gone.

(13)

Another who in tort'ring pains,
And bitter anguish lies;
Long griev'd and gall'd with heavy chains,
In ling'ring sickness dies.

(14)

Both these at last the friendly grave
Will bring to equal rest;
And on their flesh, within the cave,
The worms alike shall feast.

(15)

Promiscuous tribulations thus
All human kind invade;
And death, without distinction, does
Befal both good and bad.

(16)

No dispensation of this sort
Does ever take its rise,
From one man's virtuous effort,
Or from another's vice.

(17)

Nor does th' Almighty's love or hate,
With evidence appear,
By either our enjoyments great,
Or our annoyments here.

(18)

What's common to the worst and best
Can ne'er this case decide;
God's word and Spirit be our rest,
As th' only rule and guide.

S O N G XXXVIII.

The benefit of acquaintance with God.

Job xxii. 21, ——— 30.

(1)

O now acquaint thyself with God,
 And be at peace, for he
 Hath promis'd great and endless good
 Shall thereby come to thee.

(2)

The law receive thou from his mouth,
 The doctrine of solace;
 And in thy heart embracing truth,
 Lay up his words of grace.

(3)

To God most high, without delay,
 If thou return with care,
 Thy sin and guilt he'll take away,
 Thy ruins all repair.

(4)

He'll bless the house wherein thou dwells
 With riches competent;
 With wealth of Ophir-gold, or else
 With wealth of sweet content.

(5)

Th Almighty shall be thy defence,
 Thy joy and thy solace;
 To him thou shalt, with confidence,
 Prevailing pray'rs address.

(6)

When thou art answer'd from above,
 Thy vows in trouble made
 Shall, with a glad return of love,
 And thankful heart, be paid.

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(7)

God shall establish every right
And just decree of thine ;
For, from above, directing light
Upon thy ways shall shine.

(8)

Thy paths he will direct and own,
Thy counsels he will bless ;
And all thy undertakings crown
With comfort and success.

(9)

When men around thee are cast down,
Thy head lift up thou shalt ;
God won't the humble man disown,
But save and him exalt.

(10)

Nor of thy prayers, pure and sound,
Shalt thou alone partake
The gain, but ev'n thy neighbours round
Shall prosper for thy sake.

S O N G X X X I X .

God hiding and trying.

Job xxiii. 3, 8, 9, 10.

(1)

O THAT I knew where I might find
My God, who hides his path !
To him I would unfold my mind,
And testify my faith.

(2)

I forward go to seek him out,
But, lo ! he is not there ;
Backward, but when I turn about,
He's gone, I know not where.

(3)

Upon the right-hand, and the left,
 Fain would I him accost;
 But still of my desire bereft,
 I find my labour lost.

(4)

His way is hid, but mine is ey'd
 By him, I thus desire;
 I shall, as gold, when he hath tried,
 Come purer from the fire.

S O N G XL.

*Many most wicked and mischievous, yet live
 and die in outward peace, and are never
 visibly reckoned with in this world.*

Job xxiv. 1, 2,---12, 13,---23, 24.

(1)

MOST just is God, yet none can tell
 The fix'd determin'd times,
 When these that wickedly rebel
 Shall suffer for their crimes.

(2)

Some men so void of shame are found,
 Who do, with treach'rous bands,
 Remove the settled marks that bound
 Appropriated lands.

(3)

With wicked spoils, or goods they seize,
 Their luxury they feast;
 And fill'd with rapine, do at ease
 Upon their couches rest.

(4)

Thus thrive oppressors, tyrants, thieves,
Men bloody and unclean ;
Whose villanies day-light aggrieves,
The dark's their darling screen.

(5)

Pamper'd in plenty they abide,
And long on earth they live ;
While from impunity their pride
In plunder they derive.

(6)

All things to raise their happiness,
Seem jointly to comply ;
And as they liv'd in outward peace,
They unmolested die.

(7)

Gently cut down like ears of corn,
Their death's a kind decay :
Full ripe they to the tomb are born,
And slowly sink away.

(8)

Their streams of life a goodly while,
Like peaceful rivers flow ;
And when they die ('tis common stile)
They gently melt like snow.

(9)

'Tis true, Jehovah sees and knows
Their vice and insolence,
Yet seeming unconcern'd, he does
No vengeance due dispence.

(10)

If they're, a feast for worms, interr'd,
Man's common fate is so ;
Heav'n then hath all their hell deferr'd
To future endless woe.

S O N G X L I .

*The greatness, goodness, and holiness of God e-
videncing the guiltiness and impurity of man.*

Job xxv. 2, — 6.

(1)

WITH God the Lord, most great and high,
Dominion is and fear;
He peace preserves above the sky
And regions of the air.

(2)

Though numberless his armies are,
The creatures all his hosts,
Yet never as a God of war,
But still of peace, he boasts.

(3)

On whom does not his light arise?
His goodness unto all
Extends, like to his warchful eyes,
Inspecting great and small.

(4)

Wide as the universe, ev'n so
Hath God his table spread;
And all his creatures, high and low,
Still at his cost are fed,

(5)

Since on his pow'r and goodness great
We evermore depend,
And can to nothing as a debt,
Without a lie, pretend:

(6)

If we shall murmur and complain,
It is without a cause,
When he his gifts resumes again,
But not our right withdraws.

(7)

Besides, our great and heinous crimes,
By which we heav'n provoke,
Expose us justly, many times,
To his revenging stroke.

(8)

Who then of mankind can before
His high tribunal stand,
Plead guiltless, and, on justice score,
His law-discharge demand?

(9)

To being 'mong the tainted race
Can man untainted pass,
And clean escape the leaven base,
That does infect the mass?

(10)

Sun, moon, and stars, the torches bright,
That beautify the sky,
Are stain'd, and spotted in the sight
Of God's all-searching eye.

(11)

O then! since this omniscient God
Does human actions scan,
What num'rous stains, both deep and broad,
Must he discern in man!

(12)

In man, a vicious worm, whose lust
'Gainst heav'n incessant spurns,
A worthless worm, who back to dust
And putrefaction turns!

S O N G XLII.

*The proofs of God's power and wisdom in the
creation and preservation of the world.*

Job xxvi. 5, — 14.

(1)

THE Lord Jehovah built the skies,
And rear'd this stately frame :
The wide creation testifies
The greatness of his name.

(2)

The liquid element below,
Was gather'd by his hand :
The rowling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

(3)

To him the maker, does pertain,
What in the ocean is :
The finny people of the main,
And monsters there, are his.

(4)

The dusky shades of hell that ly,
Wrapt up in webs of night,
May well elude the solar eye,
But not th' Almighty's sight.

(5)

Death and destruction do in vain,
Their sable covering spread,
And in their secret vaults enchain,
Or fast lock up the dead.

(6)

The eye of the Almighty does
Their spoils intire survey ;
And no distinction ever knows
Betwixt the night and day.

(7)

He, o'er the airy empty place,
In pomp displays on high
The wide expanse, and ample space,
Of all the northern sky.

(8)

The pond'rous earth, at his command,
Hangs in the ambient air :
No pillars bear the fabric grand,
But just his will and care.

(9)

He bids the clouds with water pent,
Imprison'd tempests chain ;
Then their big floating wombs unrent,
Suspend the birth of rain.

(10)

Again he bids their bosom ope,
And down the blessing pours,
To feed the lab'ring farmer's hope
With warm prolific show'rs.

(11)

Left his high throne, so dazzling bright,
By naked eyes unseen,
With too much glore oppresses our sight,
He spreads his clouds between.

(12)

He raises rocky fences round
The spacious swelling deep,
Which do the raging billows bound,
Mad waves in prison keep :

(13)

That while the rule of day and night,
The sun and moon maintain,
The rolling seas may have no might
To drown the earth again.

(14)

High hills, that pillars seem and props
Of heav'n's expanded roof,
Do quake, and bow their tow'ring tops
Aghast at his reproof.

(15)

He cleaves the main, bids billows rise,
Then curbs the swelling tide:
How soon they cope with clouds and skies,
So soon he lays their pride.

(16)

The trembling waves, at his command,
Creep softly to the shore;
Storms overaw'd do silent stand,
And quickly cease to roar.

(17)

Thus lawless seas he does control,
Diversifies the deep;
He makes the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

(18)

He spreads the heav'ns, their azure face
He garnish'd by his might;
And did 'em most profusely grace
With constellations bright.

(19)

His hand the crooked serpent made,
But who can speak his art?
Of whom all's nothing that is said,
We know so small a part.

(20)

Who can the utmost force explore
Of his almighty hands?
For ev'n the thunder of his pow'r
What mortal understands?

S O N G) XLIII.

*Job solemnly maintaining his integrity against
the false accusations of his friends.*

Job xxvii. 2, — 6.

(1)

A S God Creator lives who now
To judge my cause denies ;
Th' Almighty, who my vexed soul
With sharp affliction tries :

(2)

While in my nostrils breath remains,
Which God inspir'd at first,
No wicked guile shall by my lips,
Nor falshood be express'd.

(3)

I'm slander'd by my cruel friends,
Their censures underly,
Charg'd with hypocrisy and fraud,
And crimes of deepest dye.

(4)

Should I acquit their calumnies,
Absolve their slanderous tongue,
Confess their libel stuff'd with lies,
My innocence to wrong ?

(5)

Forbid it heav'n ! so black a charge
Of crimes to me unknown,
I, to my last expiring breath,
Will steadfastly disown.

(6)

This my rejoicing still shall be,
The testimony clear,
And conscience of integrity,
I in my bosom bear.

(7)

Reproachfully they me accuse,
 But from approved sin
 My judge shall me acquit, as does
 His justice court within.

S O N G XLIV.

The hopeless state of the hypocrite.

Job. xxvii. 7, — 10.

(1)

WHERE is the hypocrite's false hope,
 Though for a time he gain'd
 Praise and applause, and lifted up,
 In pomp and pleasure reign'd?

(2)

Where is his hope at last, when once
 The mighty God shall wrest
 His trembling soul, with violence,
 From his reluctant breast?

(3)

Will God give ear unto his cry,
 When troubles o'er him flow,
 Presaging worse calamity,
 His everlasting woe?

(4)

Will painted pray'rs avert the blast,
 When he perceives with dread,
 The clouds of vengeance gath'ring fast
 Above his guilty head?

(5)

Will God almighty be his joy,
 Devotion his delight,
 Or pray'r to God his close employ,
 When crutches fail him quite?

(6)

He prays, compell'd with heavy strokes;
But unregarded prayer
He quits; nor more his judge invokes,
But sinks in deep despair.

(7)

No favour dare the rebel seek,
That scorn'd redeeming grace;
His guilty conscience, dragon-like,
Still flying in his face.

SONG XLV.

*Wisdom's price great, and its place secret,
and the wisdom that is hid in God un-
searchable by nature, but the wisdom that
is revealed to man practicable through
grace.*

Job xxviii. 1, 2, — 28.

(1)

VAIN man would be esteemed wise;
But who, alas! can tell
The place where understanding stays,
Or where does wisdom dwell?

(2)

Nay, wisdom's price, and worth renown'd,
Dull mortals do not know;
Nor is the precious treasure found,
When search'd for here below.

(3)

The land exclaiming says aloud,
Ah! never was I bless'd
To be the lodging or abode
Of this celestial guest.

(4)

The sea and swelling waves in rage,
 With roaring voice declare,
 In vain ye seek to find the sage
 And sacred stranger here.

(5)

Th' infernal deep; with voice austere,
 And with a hollow sound,
 Cries out, there's no apartment here,
 For wisdom, under ground.

(6)

Th' inestimable bliss was ne'er
 With gold of Ophir bought;
 In price with it the onyx rare
 And sapphires stand for nought.

(7)

Rich jewels, pearls, and diamonds choice,
 In crowns that draw regard,
 And rubies fine, are worthless toys
 With this bright gem compar'd.

(8)

Who then, by learning, is in case
 To shew whence wisdom flows?
 And who the happy dwelling-place
 Of understanding knows?

(9)

Since close 'tis hid from all the eyes
 Of creatures every where,
 That trade the earth, or cut the seas,
 Or wing the lucid air.

(10)

Death and destruction's caves profound
 Cry, here she never came,
 Only our ears have heard the sound
 Of her immortal fame.

(11)

Alone the glorious and the great
All-penetrating God
Knows his own offspring's hidden seat,
True wisdom's bless'd abode.

(12)

For he, from off the height immense
Of heav'n's bright crystal brow,
Surveys, in all its vast expanse,
The universe below.

(13)

He distant ages, regions, isles,
Views with omniscient eyes;
And in exactly poising scales
Both winds and waters weighs.

(14)

When he decreed the measure just,
And manner of the rain;
When he a way for thunder first
And light'ning did ordain:

(15)

Then saw he wisdom where it shin'd,
And did its home declare;
He search'd his own all-seeing mind,
And found it only there.

(16)

But then to man (from whom he hid
His secret will and way,
Yet duty to him open laid)
Thus did Jehovah say,

(17)

Behold, to fear the Lord, and still
From evil to depart;
This, this is wisdom, this is skill,
Yea, this is heav'nly art.

(18)

Let me attempt to know no more
 Than God most high reveals;
 Nor boldly search for secret store,
 He in his breast conceals.

(19)

On this abyfs they safest are
 That keep along the shore,
 Distrust their wit, and from afar
 This awful deep adore.

(20)

In being godly found, in Christ,
 Man's endless profit lies:
 If thou art righteous, thou art bless'd;
 If holy, thou art wise.

S O N G X L V I .

The heart-wish of a deserted soul.

Job xxix. 2, — 5.

(1)

O THAT my bypast happy days
 And months were now restor'd,
 When God did me, in gracious ways,
 His mighty aid afford!

(2)

When on my head his candle clear,
 The lamp of grace, did shine;
 And I, through darkest shades of fear,
 Did walk by light divine.

(3)

When secret favours did, from God,
 My days of youth attend;
 And I to him my mind unload,
 As to a bosom friend.

(4)

Th' Almighty did my heart and home,
With his glad presence bless,
That such sweet days again may come,
O how I long for this!

S O N G. XLVII.

*Youth's despising the aged: Or, great honour
turned to extreme contempt, and prosperi-
ty turned to calamity.*

S E C T. I.

Honour turned to contempt.

Job xxx. 1, 2, 8, — 12.

(1)

THESE now, that younger are than I,
Do me deride and mock,
Whose fathers never were so high
As shepherd of my flock.

(2)

This trust to them I scorn'd to give,
My num'rous herds to keep;
Not, with my dogs, could grant them leave
To sit and guard my sheep.

(3)

For vicious, vile, and base they were,
Old beggars through the street;
To them I justly might prefer
The dust below their feet.

(4)

Yet now I'm to their sons a jest,
They mock me to my face;
They me revile, contemn, detest,
And treat me with disgrace.

(5)

Young striplings thus against me rise,
 Regardless of my age;
 My name they dawb with scandalous lies,
 In fierce unbridled rage.

S E C T. II.

Prosperity turned to calamity.

Job xxx. 25,—31.

(1)

I LOOK'D for good, since good I chose,
 Since kind, I hop'd for light;
 But then came evil, crosses, woes,
 And clouds of dismal night.

(2)

Vexatious days did me prevent;
 And, hopeless of relief,
 Without the sun I mourning went
 In agonies of grief.

(3)

With owls and dragons joint I cry'd
 I'm now their mate and kin.
 With burning heat my bones are dry'd,
 And black my wither'd skin.

(4)

My harp, that made a joyful noise,
 Is turn'd to mourning deep;
 My organ chang'd into the voice
 Of them that doleful weep.

JOB'S HYMNS. 51

SONG XLVIII.

SECT. I.

*Chastity exemplified, and whoremongers
and adulterers judged.*

Job xxxi. 1, — 4.

(1)

A SACRED league I with mine eyes
Have made, that they may ne'er
On fruit forbidden look nor gaze,
However charming fair.

(2)

That they, on beauty fondly prone,
May not attentive stay,
To be enchanted; nor upon
The brink of ruin play.

(3)

Ne'er did, on wanton objects bent,
My thoughts get leave to rove;
Nor were abroad for fewel sent,
To feed unlawful love.

(4)

Sin's motions first whenever rais'd,
I did suppressing tame;
I quench'd the spark before it blaz'd,
And spread resistless flame.

(5)

I knew what woeful portion will
On whoredom's slaves attend;
Of these who their sweet lusts fulfil
I saw the bitter end.

(6)

Destruction, from the mighty God,
Does on the wicked wait;
Their vile and shameful actions bode
Their miserable fate.

(7)

God does, as judge of secrets, see
If foreign charms us move;
Death is the just reward if we
Shall hug forbidden love.

S E C T. II.

Charity exemplified.

Job xxxi. 16, 17, 19, 20.

(1)

I NEVER heard the needy cry,
But still they did prevail;
Nor, merciless, e'er caused I
The widow's hopes to fail.

(2)

I ne'er alone, with fulness fed,
Devour'd luxurious meat,
But always of my plenty made
The hungry orphans eat.

(3)

Poor naked beggars, as co-heirs
Of what I did partake,
I fed and cloath'd; if not for their's,
Yet for their maker's sake.

SONG XLIX.

The immateriality and immortality of the soul.

Job xxxii. 8.

(1)

IN man a living spirit dwells,
An understanding mind,
Which far the brutal rank excels,
As does th' angelic kind.

(2)

In him there is a nature found,
Above the senses far ;
Though some, in sensual pleasures drown'd,
But soul suppressors are.

(3)

Through things both low, and things sublime,
The nimble soul doth slide ;
Both far and nigh in point of time,
Which thought cannot divide.

(4)

She sends to *China* as soon as *Spain*,
And comes as soon as sent ;
And mets, with equal time and pain,
A span, and heav'n's wide tent.

(5)

She hath, ev'n though in flesh confin'd,
No body of her own ;
But is an immaterial mind,
Distinct from flesh and bone.

(6)

How souls that live, and flesh that dies,
Their match at first began,
We learn ; for he that spread the skies,
First form'd the soul of man :

Who shed in man, first made of earth,
A beam of heavenly fire;
In all men now, before their birth,
He does their soul inspire.

(8)

This spirit cannot mortal be,
Nor subject to the grave;
For thoughts of immortality,
No mortal thing can have.

(9)

When she aspires to endless bliss
In God, th' eternal spring,
She proves herself to be no less
Than an eternal thing.

(10)

Our bodies food of mortal kind,
Shows their mortality;
But truth eternal feeds the mind,
Which shews she cannot die.

S O N G L.

*True wisdom not acquired by old age, nor
by learning, but by grace.*

Job xxxii. 7, 8, 9.

(1)

THAT wisdom ripens not with years,
Nor grows with age, I find;
Unless celestial light appears,
Gray hairs continue blind.

(2)

Wisdom divine, by length of time,
Can never be acqui'd,
Except the soul, by truth sublime,
Be from above inspir'd.

(3)

Sound knowledge then is not a store,
Possess'd still by the great;
Nor yet doth wisdom evermore
Adorn the teacher's seat.

(4)

Though human understanding trace,
The wisdom of the schools;
Yet still the learn'd, untaught by grace,
Remain but literate fools.

SONG LI.

*God infinitely above us, not accountable to
us, yet merciful, both in hiding what
he hides, and revealing what he reveals.*

Job xxxiii. 12, ——— 18.

(1)

GOD's sovereign ways to scoff or scan,
Shall worthless creatures dare?
Shall the most High, O wretched man!
Be summon'd to thy bar?

(2)

Wilt thou with him, that gave thee breath,
Engage in hot dispute?
Or, quarreling his unseen path,
Wouldst thou thy God confute?

(3)

Presumptuous mortal bold, wilt thou
Thyself with him compare?
Shall to a worm Jehovah bow,
His conduct to declare?

(4)

To ask the reason of his ways,
 Audacious is and rude;
 Th' Almighty's deeds, because they're his,
 Are therefore just and good.

(5)

Where shallow reason never could,
 The deep immense discern
 Of providence divine, it should,
 With due submission, learn.

(6)

Not that he grudges man the views,
 Of what discern'd can be;
 His kind Creator to him shews
 More than his eyes can see.

(7)

Our knowlege therefore never can
 Raise in his breast envy,
 When more is shown than silly man
 Is capable to spy.

(8)

Once and again, to form the mind,
 God does instruction give;
 More than reluctant man's inclin'd,
 Or willing to receive.

(9)

In dreams and visions of the night,
 In slumbers on the bed,
 And in deep sleep, celestial light
 Hath been at times convey'd.

(10)

He various ways reveals his will
 To man, and leaves behind
 Instructions, touching good and ill,
 Imprinted on the mind.

(11)

But our great teacher's light will not
The mystic clouds dispel,
That keep his hidden paths remote,
And on his conduct dwell.

(12)

By's teachings must be understood,
He rather does devise
To make man, to his profit, good,
Than, to his peril, wise.

(13)

That from his sinful purposes,
Man may be drawn aside,
And humbly made, with will submit,
To mortify his pride.

(14)

And thus his life and soul the Lord
Saves from destruction's path ;
And from the dire menacing sword
Of God's avenging wrath.

S O N G L I I .

S E C T . I .

*Sickness come to an extremity : Or, a sick
man brought to the gates of death.*

Job xxxiii. 19, — 22.

(1)

I N mercy does the mighty God,
Man for his sins chastise,
When he, t' instruct him by the rod,
Disturbs his bed of ease.

(2)

Sore sicknesses, God's host array'd,
 The strongest man assail;
 Sharp pains his num'rous bones invade,
 And o'er their strength prevail.

(3)

Hid poison does his vigour waste,
 His soul abhors the sight
 Of curious meats, which once his taste
 Did relish with delight.

(4)

He who before, in blooming pride,
 Could boast a graceful air;
 And pamper'd at his ease, abide
 In figure, plump and fair,

(5)

Does now, by an amazing change,
 His neighbours all surprisè
 With pale lean cheeks, and staring strange
 With ghastly hollow eyes.

(6)

His weary bones, a horrid sight,
 All starting through the skin,
 Which lay before, both day and night,
 In flesh and fat unseen.

(7)

His throbbing heart, with grief subdu'd,
 In pain and labour beats,
 And life expiring, close pursu'd
 Through every vein, retreats.

(8)

On-lookers think each gasp, for breath,
 Will end the doolful fray;
 And killing harbingers of death
 Stand ready for the prey.

SECT. II.

*The faithful soul-physician an instrument of
bringing back the sick penitent from the
gates of death: Or, the gospel remedy skil-
fully applied, and Christ the only ransom;*

Job xxxiii. 23, ——— 30.

IF then a messenger attend,
That knows the voice of God,
And does, with prudence, apprehend
The errand of the rod;

Who, for a soul-physician known,
From heav'n his message bears:
Such an interpreter is one
Among a thousand seers;

Who skill'd to deal in deep distress,
With sinners and with saints;
To shew to man his uprightness,
He either hath or wants;

Who, having wisdom to be mild,
Or tart, as cases crave,
Exhibits comfort to the child,
Conviction to the slave;

Instructs the patient how to bear
The most afflictive rod,
With soul-submits, and still to clear
The righteousness of God;

.11 (6) 2

That he no quarrel, in his breast,
May gainst his maker lodge,
But for his sins himself arrent,
And justify his judge:

If thus the person, sick to death,
Receive instruction just,
And, owning sin's desert of wrath,
Be humbled to the dust;

Humbled to own his scores of vice,
And charges underray'd;
And humbled to accept the price,
Was by the surety paid:

Then God, most ready to acquit,
Says, Save the captive bound
From going down unto the pit,
I have the ransom found.

What I have found he judges good,
And so it is to me,
The ransom is my darling's blood,
Go set the captive free.

Then quick deliverance oft is wrought,
The patient is made whole,
To health and strength his body brought,
To peace and joy his soul.

Soon as he does his wrongs confess,
And choose the way that's right,
His God exalts him to the bliss
Of lasting life and light.

SONG LIII.

*God cannot be charged with injustice, and
being omnipotent he cannot be unjust.*

Job xxxiv. 1-5.

WHEN sinners feel the chaf'ning rod,
Unjustly they complain:
Shall man the righteousness of God
Presumptuously arraign?

Far be't from God's imperial throne,
To practise wickedness:
Can th' infinitely holy One
The rules of right transgress?

Justice divine, with wages meet,
The work of men repays,
And will each son of Adam treat
According to his ways.

Yea, sure, as he is God upright,
He'll act no wicked part;
And sure, as he's the God of might,
He judgment won't pervert.

For who of fraud, or violence,
Dare God most high indite,
Whose wisdom and omnipotence
Does guide all nature right?

Can any higher being be,
Whose laws he should observe,
Or pow'r superior in degree,
From truth to make him swerve?

'Tis certain, therefore, he in whom
 Perfections all abound,
 Whose pow'r no pow'r can overcome,
 With justice must be crown'd.

(8)
 His mind, to which no stain adheres,
 Shines ever pure and bright:
 No maculating spot appears
 In uncreated light.

(9)
 He who is sov'reign Lord of all,
 Can inj'ry do to none;
 Whate'er he takes, how great or small,
 He but resumes his own.

(10)
 All beings are his utensils,
 And creatures of his pow'r;
 Nor can they longer than he wills
 In use or being 'dure.

(11)
 Should he recal man's vital breath,
 He did, at first inspire,
 All mankind, perishing by death,
 Would to the grave retire.

(12)
 All mortal flesh to mother dust,
 At pleasure he remands;
 Immortal souls for judgment just
 Unto their Father's hands.

SONG LIV.

God's omniscience, from which no sin can be hid.

Job xxxiv. 21, 22.

(1)
JEHOVAH's all-discerning eye,
Man's life intire surveys;
His thoughts, soon as they rise, does spy,
And watches all his ways.

(2)
The judge supreme, 'tis clear from hence,
Can never, through mistake,
Be partial, nor, through ignorance,
A wrong decision make.

(3)
Shifts, therefore, or evasive arts,
In vain the wicked use;
In vain their crimes, with cunning hearts,
They labour to excuse.

(4)
No darkness from his sight can screen,
Whose peircing eye makes way
Through midnight-shades, alike as in
The blazing noon of day.

(5)
Can leud mens closest hiding cell,
His searching sight defy,
When darkest caves of death and hell
Lie naked to his eye?

S O N G L V.

God's power irresistible.

Job xxxiv. 29.

WHEN God gives quietness and rest
 From ruin and from sin,
 Who then with trouble can molest,
 Or hinder peace within?
 But when displeas'd he hides his face,
 Or favour does withhold,
 Who then can see, or with solace,
 An angry God behold?
 Against a land, or single man,
 Be his displeasure bent;
 Nor more nor less resistance can
 Resistless wrath present.
 Not by the strength of nations whole;
 Can pow'r divine be stay'd,
 Nor smallness of one single soul
 His cognisance evade.

S O N G LVI.

The afflicted person humbled.

Job xxxiv. 31, 32.

'TIS safely meet thus to address
 The majesty divine,
 "Just are thy judgments, I confess;
 "For sin and guilt are mine.

“ Nor will I now at justice bar,
 “ Commit a fresh offence,
 “ By looking at my sins afar,
 “ And pleading innocence.

Lord, what I see not teach thou me,
 Display thy heavenly light;
 Away let shades of darkness flee,
 And day succeed to night.

Forgive my grievous wickedness,
 Thy peace and joy restore;
 Lord, have I sinn'd: yes; but, through grace,
 I'll henceforth sin no more.

S O N G L V I I.

God's highness cannot be hurt with man's
 wickedness.
 Job xxxv. 5, — 8.

FROM earth, O mortal, to the heav'ns,
 Lift thy admiring eyes;
 Behold the bright celestial orbs,
 And view the distant skies.

They're high, yet does Jehovah's throne
 Their tow'ring height exceed;
 Far more than that bright fiery frame,
 Is rais'd above thy head.

Hence never can this glorious one,
 Who sits in heav'n sublime,
 Be hurt or damag'd by thy sin,
 Nor by thy wicked crime.

(4)

His plenitude of bliss can ne'er
Be made a whit the less;
Shouldst thou, by multiply'd affronts,
Grow bold in wickedness.

(5)

Nor can his happy being e'er
The least advantage reap,
Shouldst thou devoutly him revere,
And all his precepts keep.

(6)

Yet hence let not thy wicked heart,
This false conclusion draw,
That thou wouldst act a fruitless part,
Shouldst thou obey his law.

(7)

Thy goodness gainful not above,
But to the earth may be;
Thy wickedness may hurtful prove,
Though not to God, to thee.

S O N G L V I I I .

*God justified though deaf to the cry of
the oppressed.*

Job xxxv. 9, ——— 13.

(1)

SOME cry aloud of violence,
Whom God does not regard;
He hears the cries of penitence,
When passion is not heard.

(2)

They under great oppression groan,
But ne'er remember God;
Nor notice what his hand hath done,
But wail the heavy rod.

(3)

None say, O where's my Maker great,
Who now can make me whole,
But, where's my healthy, wealthy state,
And where's my heartsome bowl?

(4)

They never after God enquire,
Who soon can ease bestow;
And, as he did their breath inspire,
Can moderate their woe:

(5)

Who, in the night of miseries,
Can give them songs of joy,
And sweeten earth's calamities
With heav'n's august employ:

(6)

Who gave to man, to guide him right,
And passion to controul,
A portion of ethereal light,
A reasonable soul:

(7)

Which thus might argue, "He whose care
Does tenderly protect
"Beasts of the earth, birds of the air,
"Will never man neglect."

(8)

Yet man, above these though honour'd high,
His reason prostitutes,
Who does of wants and troubles cry
No otherwise than brutes.

(9)

These crying with their best instinct,
Their God does them sustain;
But men their nobler reason sink,
And therefore cry in vain.

(10)

God proud and wicked suits denies,
 He sees the inmost mind :
 In vain to heav'n they raise their cries,
 Who leave their souls behind.

S O N G L I X.

*God's gracious design in bringing his own
 people under affliction.*

Job xxxvi. 8, 9, 10.

(1)

IF God in fetters of distress
 His favour'd people bind ;
 If heavy loads of grief oppress
 Their body or their mind ;

(2)

He means to shew to them their sin,
 In thought, and word, and deed,
 How they to excess did therein
 All boundaries exceed.

(3)

He thereby causes them betimes,
 With penitence, reflect
 On all their base unkindly crimes
 His kindly hands correct.

(4)

He likewise strikes, sin's growing pow'r
 Design'dly to restrain ;
 That in their heart and life no more
 It may victorious reign.

(5)

When faulty saints deserve a blow,
 He learns them by the rod,
 More clearly than before, to know
 Their duty and their God.

(6)

Unto instructive discipline

Their ears he opens wide,

Attentive to the laws divine,

From which they turn'd aside.

(7)

Their prosp'rous state had stopt their ear,

But now their adverse lot

Commands, with loud alarms, to hear

The voice of him that smote.

(8)

His grace alone, that makes t'obey,

Concurring with the rod,

Excites them streight, through Christ the way,

To turn from sin to God.

*[Light in darkness: Or, God's favour in
man's fury, a digression, applying the sub-
ject of the preceding Song to some
known occurrences of our day.]*

(1)

GREAT is the majesty of God,

And greatly to be fear'd;

The voice of his afflicting rod,

With rev'rence must be heard.

(2)

Oft took we his great name in vain,

How justly then he tries,

By raising men, our names to stain,

With libels full of lyes!

(3)

But love, in-laid with chastisements,

Ill projects undermines,

And mercifully circumvents

The wrathful man's designs.

(4)

Some bloody bulls, in this rude age,
 Will, to the end of time,
 Stand chronicled, for pride and rage,
 That fed the desp'rate crime.

(5)

Stern justice, turning friends to foes,
 Makes them against us mad;
 Yet mercy brings our well from woes,
 Our bliss from what is bad.

(6)

God makes the wrath of men to flame,
 For ends they do not know;
 Our rich improvement is his aim,
 But their's, our overthrow.

(7)

When wild reproachers would us class,
 And damn with devilish elves,
 Their unjust censures make us pass
 Just censures on ourselves.

(8)

Their cruelty makes us more kind
 Than e'er we were before;
 Their lies and falshoods make us mind
 To value truth the more.

(9)

Their lawless fury makes us trace
 God's just and holy laws;
 Their causeless rage makes us confess
 His anger's righteous cause.

(10)

Disorders, that with them prevail,
 Make us good order seek;
 Their passionate and fiery zeal
 Makes us sedate and meek.

(11)

Their lofty aims to domineer,
Make arrogance our dread:
Their separating ways endear
Our union to the head.

(12)

Good from their ill, beyond their ken,
Through grace, to us doth rise:
Their madness makes us sober men,
Their folly makes us wise.]

S O N G LX.

The doom of hypocrites that rebel against the rod.

Job xxxvi. 12, 13, 14.

(11)

THE heavy, wrathful sword of God,
Shall on their necks descend,
Whom neither could his chast'ning rod,
Nor charming word amend.

(2)

False hypocrites, to vengeance sore
Addestin'd, haste to lay
Accumulated wrath in store
Against the wrathful day.

(3)

In gross neglect of pray'r they live,
God is not in their mind;
They cry not for his help, nor grieve
Ev'n when his cords them bind.

(4)

On them doth sudden ruin come,
And sweep them off the stage,
Amidst the very youthful bloom
And vigour of their age.

(5)

Soon does the unexpected bane
 Their easy seats surprise;
 Descending like the fiery rain,
 On *Sodom*, from the skies.

(6)

Then, after death, their soul shall live
 'Mong unclean sp'rits in hell;
 For in the heav'ns, where saints arrive,
 No unclean thing can dwell.

S O N G L X I.

Schola crucis, schola lucis: or, Affliction instruction.

Job xxxvi. 15.

(1)

OUR God is mercifully touch'd
 With pity to the poor;
 He saves the humble one, and such
 As do his aid implore.

(2)

To these submissive to his lash,
 He's in his anger kind;
 In favour he but wounds the flesh,
 That he may teach the mind.

(3)

Sharp and severe his stripes may be,
 But then they strike out light,
 By which th' afflicted clearly see,
 And learn to judge aright.

(4)

His hands in love do them chastise,
 And to their duty draw;
 Through grace his scourges make them wise,
 When they forget his law.

S O N G L X I I .

Quarreling with God, in affliction, dangerous ; submission, a duty, advantageous .

Job xxxvi. 21.

(1)

TAKE heed thou no regard for sin
Nor love to it maintain ;
The least vice hath more ill therein
Than's in the greatest pain.

(2)

If, rather than the smarting rod,
Thy choice is sin and vice ;
Thou proudly dost contend with God,
And shew thyself unwise.

(3)

If thou, impatient of the stroke,
His providence accuse ;
Thou dost, by casting off his yoke,
Thine own, that's heavier, choose.

(4)

In trouble therefore don't debate,
Nor with thy Maker fight ;
Contention makes thy burden great,
Submission makes it light.

S O N G L X I I I .

God an absolute sovereign, an incomparable teacher, and unexceptionable ruler .

Job xxxvi. 22, 23.

(1)

G O D , by his vast and boundless pow'r,
At pleasure can debase ;
At pleasure the debas'd restore,
Exalt, and highly raise.

(2)

Where's his instructors to be found?

For, who can teach like him?

Where's his superior more renown'd,

Since he's himself supreme?

(3)

He that to men does knowledge teach,

Shall he himself not know?

Of folly who can him impeach,

Or greater wisdom show?

(4)

His government what daring tongue

Of error can accuse?

The King of kings can do no wrong,

And who can say he does?

S O N G L X I V.

God's works manifesting his incomprehensible greatness.

Job xxxvi. 24, ——— 33.

(1)

ILLUSTRIOUS are the works divine

Which every man may see;

Both these that farthest off do shine,

And these most near the eye.

(2)

Each rational beholder must

Remember to extol,

And give the maker, wise and just,

The glory of the whole.

(3)

Who can behold, but in a maze,

Th' eternal God? and who

Can count the number of his days,

Which no beginning know?

(4)

We sooner may, from pole to pole,
Our feeble arms extend,
Than can our little finite soul
His greatness comprehend.

(5)

Our thoughts o'erwhelm'd at shadows grope
In sentiments like this;
Losing their way, they're swallow'd up
Into the vast abyss.

(6)

Th' Immortal view'd but in the skies,
His too resplendent light
Does dash and dazzle mortal eyes,
For want of equal sight.

(7)

His hand dark meteors, high in air,
Does pow'rfully sustain,
Which he converts, around the sphere,
To gentle dews and rain.

(8)

Vapours exhal'd from earth to heav'n,
He wondrously restores,
And sees them back with int'rest giv'n
In fructifying show'rs.

(9)

These, from the dropping clouded skies,
He artfully distills;
And thus man's mouth with food supplies,
His mind with wonder fills.

(10)

Who knows how God extends his clouds,
And makes the tender air,
The pond'rous burden of the floods
And heavy waters bear?

(11)

Who can account, by human arts,
 For that tremendous noise;
 These awful murmurings, fiery darts,
 And most majestic voice;

(12)

That issue from these clouds commix'd,
 And terribly declare,
 That the almighty God hath fix'd
 His high pavilion there?

(13)

Consider too, how not in vain
 He spreads upon the streams,
 And on the wide and spacious main,
 The sun's attractive beams;

(14)

To raise recruits for wasted clouds,
 And levy fresh supplies
 Of vapours, drawn up from the floods
 To muster in the skies.

(15)

He these, for different purposes,
 In wisdom doth imploy;
 Some serve in tempests, if he please,
 The wicked to destroy:

(16)

Some not to curse, but bless the field,
 And fatness on it drop,
 That it in plenty meat may yield,
 And crown the farmer's hope.

(17)

'Tween heav'n and earth clouds interveen,
 Now as a favouring shade,
 Then as a black sun-dark'ning screen
 With stormy frownings spread.

(18)

Brute beasts the signs of rain descry,
By nature's instinct wise,
Observing, with a heedful eye,
The gathering meteors rise.

(19)

They soon, by certain signs, can tell
If storms are nigh at hand,
Then seek they shelter where to dwell
Most safe, by sea or land.

(20)

These see and fly, shall men purblind,
More stupid than the storks,
Forget their God and rest, nor mind
To magnify his works?

S O N G L X V .

God's glory noticed in the thunder and lightening.

Job xxxvii. 1, — 5.

(1)

WHEN mighty tempests, charg'd on high,
With murm'ring thunder rowl,
The dreadful noise along the sky
Affright my trembling soul.

(2)

A noise that makes pale atheists pant,
And quake with panic fear;
A noise that makes the humble saint
His mighty God revere.

(3)

Hear, and attentively regard
This high majestic voice,
Which, breaking from its prison-ward,
Spreads with an awful noise.

(4)

With this tremendous lofty sound,
Which heav'n's high arches shakes,
And through the airy regions round
Its stately progress makes,

(5)

God still to earth's remotest ends,
Beneath the heavens whole,
His red-wing'd light'ning swiftly sends
On flight from pole to pole.

(6)

For first 'tis in the heav'ns above
The flashy flames appear,
Then dreadful bellowings strangely move
And terrify the ear.

(7)

The noisy roarings still augment,
Till storms of rain and hail,
Soon with their violent fierce descent,
The passive earth assail.

(8)

He that his mighty thunder-claps,
With wisdom thus projects,
Produces other fearful haps,
And wonderful effects.

(9)

This even the greatest wits befools,
And forces them to own,
With minds abash'd, that to the schools
These secrets are unknown.

S O N G LXVI.

*God's power noticed in the frost and snow,
in the rains and winds.*

Job xxxvii. 6, — 13.

(1)

G O D moulds the vapours in the air,
He whitens there the snow ;
And, with its fleeces broad and fair,
He clothes the earth below.

(2)

He bids the rain, by little crouds,
Fall down in fruitful show'rs ;
Or, if he pleases, from the clouds,
Vast spouts of water pours.

(3)

Then human hands are quite seal'd up,
From labour in the field,
That when man's work is at a stop,
God's work may be reveal'd.

(4)

The savage brutes and beasts of prey,
These dreadful tempests chase ;
From deserts wild they haste away,
Unto their lurking place :

(5)

If whirlwinds turbulent come forth,
Or from the south appear ;
Cold scatt'ring blasts come from the north,
The air to purge and clear.

(6)

God's breath creates the frost, the blast
Of this restraining wind
Doth broad and spreading waters, fast,
With crystal fetters, bind.

(7)

These breathings turn to solid glass,
 The lakes on which they blow,
 Benumb the floods that use to pass,
 And teach them not to flow.

(8)

His thickest clouds, by war'ring spent,
 He wearies and dissolves;
 His brightest clouds, afunder rent,
 He scatters and revolves.

(9)

These by his counsels turn'd about,
 And manag'd by his hand,
 Move and direct their circling rout
 And course at his command.

(10)

These vapours that surround the sky,
 And this low region fill,
 All restless and obedient fly,
 To execute his will.

(11)

Hence noxious rain comes often times,
 For judgment, at his call,
 On guilty nations, for their crimes,
 To let his vengeance fall.

(12)

Or when he would his bounty shew,
 And mercy to his land,
 In plenty then the fruitful dew
 Descends at his command.

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S O N G L X V I I .

*Mens ignorance of the works of nature
shews what incompetent judges they are
in the proceedings of divine providence.*

Job xxxvii. 14,—20.

(1)

HARK, mortal ! stand but still and view
The wondrous works of God,
Then wilt thou ne'er, with any shew,
His providence explode.

(2)

His understanding's infinite,
Intuitive and clear,
His sight most perfect and complete,
Most intimate and near.

(3)

To him there's nothing far away,
But every thing is nigh ;
Nothing to come, but present ay,
Nor hid, but in his eye.

(4)

What then dost thou, O man purblind,
Of his *politics* know,
When little way can thy dark mind
In his *mechanics* go ?

(5)

Hast thou the wisdom to declare
What orders from above
Will come, by which along the air
The clouds are all to move ?

(6)

Canst thou, by all thy natural skill,
Or human science, know
The hour, when in the clouds he will
Cause draw his beauteous bow ?

(7)

Vain man, by what a vain harangue
 Canst thou the way declare,
 How pois'd the pond'rous vapours hang
 And ballanc'd in the air?

(8)

So wond'rous are the works divine
 In these and all his ways,
 Such pow'r and perfect knowlege shine,
 As human minds amaze.

(9)

Whence are thy cloaths with warmth impress'd?
 Whence comes the scorching heat,
 When we beneath our thinnest vest,
 And lightest garment sweat?

(10)

When chill north-winds their blusters share,
 And make the rivers freeze,
 To melt the ice, and calm the air,
 How comes the southern breeze?

(11)

In counsel close wast thou at all
 With the Almighty join'd,
 When he the model of the ball
 And firmament design'd?

(12)

Hast thou with him spread out the skies,
 Clad in its sparkling dress,
 As firm as clear, and to the eye
 A molten looking-glass?

(13)

A mirror made with skill divine,
 Displaying matchless might;
 This starry frame so superfine
 Confounds all feeble sight.

(14)

Pray tell us what to say of God,
We can no knowledge boast;
Our baffled thoughts in darkness plod,
And are in wonder lost.

(15)

I stop! for who, but in a maze,
Can stare at endless height!
What creature can undazled gaze
At uncreated light!

(16)

Men vainly in a measure lay
Unmeasurable bliss;
They would infinity survey,
But sink in that abyss.

S O N G L X V I I I .

*God's greatness and majesty requires that
he be greatly feared and revered.*

Job xxxvii. 21, — 24.

(1)

G O D , wind and weather-changes wills,
And who but stoops to this?
Life-changes too when he fulfills,
Let mortals be submissive.

(2)

Man cannot, with his feeble eye,
Meridian lustre bear,
When northern winds that sweep the sky
Make upper regions clear.

(3)

Then surely mortals, seiz'd with fright
And terror, must decline
The glorious and tremendous fight
Of majesty divine.

(4)

For, touching the almighty God,
 We cannot find him out,
 So pompous is his high abode,
 And splendid round about.

(5)

From majesty, so great and high,
 We must with dread retire;
 Not gratify our curious eye,
 But rev'rently admire:

(6)

For after all our bold essays
 And searches here, we find
 Our reason cannot thru the maze,
 Nor grasp th' eternal mind.

(7)

So boundless and transcendant is
 His energy and might,
 His judgments are so just and wise,
 And his decrees so right,

(8)

That no debater must decry
 The great Jehovah's deeds,
 Nor boldly ask a reason why
 He thus and thus proceeds.

(9)

Should any ask it to their shame,
 Then know that he alone
 Is sovereign Lord and Judge supreme,
 Accountable to none.

(10)

This should instruct us not to spurn,
 But pious rev'rence raise;
 Our mutiny to marvel turn,
 Our discontent to praise.

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(11)

This to right reason should restore,
Make carnal reason mute,
And teach us humbly to adore,
But never to dispute.

(12)

Mild mercy meets with justice strict
In standing to his laws;
He therefore wills not to afflict,
Nor strikes without a cause.

(13)

Men fear his name in Christ for this,
Because he mercy hath;
But rebels, that reject the bliss,
Shall fear and feel his wrath.

(14)

God favours humble hearts and wills,
But sons of pride defies;
And in his sight wise men are fools,
Who in their own are wise.

S O N G L X I X .

God's words unto Job, his challenging him.

Job xxxviii. 1, 2, 3.

(1)

ALL nature felt a frightful shock,
When from the rolling cloud,
To trembling *Job* th' Almighty spoke
These awful words aloud.

(2)

Who's this presumptuous mortal bold,
That dark'ning counsel so,
By words devoid of knowlege, would
Prescribe what it must do?

(3)

If thou pretend'st to quarrel me,
 For ought that I have done,
 Gird up thy loins to hold the plea,
 And like a man to win.

(4)

I'm now come at demands of thine,
 Thy science to inspect;
 Not to be taught, but of design
 Thy arrogance to check.

(5)

I'll now thy skill and wisdom sound,
 Thy understanding try;
 To questions I'll to thee propound,
 See if thou canst reply.

S O N G LXX.

G O D ' S Q U E S T I O N S.

Quest. 1. *Concerning the founding of the earth.*

Job xxxviii. 4, ——— 7.

(1)

WHEN I the earth's foundations laid,
 Where wast thou then, O man?
 Or didst thou contribute thine aid,
 And help to form the plan?

(2)

Whence did I, when the world I made,
 For fit materials call,
 When nothing I but nothing had
 Wherewith to make the ball?

(3)

My hand, without thy help, could frame
 This spacious edifice;
 And can't my skill govern the same
 Without thy poor advice?

(4)

If thou hast knowlege, tell what pow'r
And wisdom I imploy'd,
To dig the mass of solid store,
Out of an empty void ?

(5)

Tell how the globe was model'd fine,
By what stupendous art,
And by what measure, square, and line,
I fitted every part ?

(6)

Declare on what foundation sure,
Did I the building rear ;
And by what cement, so secure,
Do all the parts cohere ?

(7)

Show how the cornerstone, by me,
Was laid so firm, so well,
That mov'd the fabric cannot be
Without a miracle.

(8)

When earth was form'd at my command,
Which formless was and void,
Know'st thou how heav'n, in consort grand,
This dawn of time employ'd ?

(9)

When all th' angelic armies bright,
The hosts of race divine,
Whose beamy heads, in sparkling light,
The morning stars out-shine ;

(10)

These first-born sons of God renown'd,
With joyful shoutings sung
My works on earth, till heav'ns around
With acclamations rung.

SONG LXXI.

Quest. 2. *About the limiting of the sea.*

Job xxxviii. 8, ——— 11.

(1)

WHO did with rocks, like bolted doors,
Shut up the raging main,
With sandy banks, as fet'ring pow'rs,
The furious billows chain?

(2)

When with the rupture overcame,
The turgid upper earth
Did rend and ope her teeming womb,
To give the ocean birth;

(3)

O'er which my clouds I, like a vest,
Or fable garment, drew;
And swaddling bands, of thicken'd mist,
I o'er its bosom threw.

(4)

I form'd a gulph within the land,
To be the ocean's bed;
The watery troops, at my command,
Soon to their lodging fled.

(5)

They march'd, with all obsequious haste,
To my appointed ward;
And found their prison chambers fast,
With rocky bolts were barr'd.

(6)

Then said I to the raging sea,
That was diffus'd around,
Behold the frontiers I decree,
Thy billows fierce to bound.

(7)

Hither thou may'st, within thy caves,
But may'st no farther roll;
This fence shall thy impetuous waves,
And flowing pride controul.

S O N G LXXII.

Quest. 3. *Concerning the springs of the morning.*

Job xxxviii. 12, — 15.

(18)

BY whose appointment does the sun
His morning beams display?
Tell, does he by thy orders run,
And spread the world with day?

(2)

By whose contrivance, so exact,
Springs up the shining light,
To lengthen out, or to retract
The time of day and night?

(3)

Who bids it late or ear* arise,
At distance far or near,
Right to divide and signalize
The seasons of the year?

(4)

With wings so speedy did thy care
Provide the dawning ray,
That it through deeps immense of air,
So swift might make its way;

(5)

That in a trice might be fulfill'd
Its fore-appointed race,
And that it might with luster gild
The earth's remotest face;

* Put for early.

(6)

Presenting all things fair to sight,
 That lay with shades oppress'd,
 New stamp'd as with a seal, in light
 As with a garment dress ;

(7)

Light which by minds, where virtue dwells,
 Is peaceably enjoy'd,
 But which obnoxious criminals
 With panic fear avoid :

(8)

For, if detected by its beams,
 The guilty wretches know,
 They must the death their conscience deems
 They merit, undergo.

(9)

With lifted arms 'gainst heav'n they fought,
 But thence the rays on wing
 Pursue the rebels close, till brought
 To punishment condign.

(10)

Whence come these messengers of light,
 To chase the wicked crew,
 And chain them fast with fear and fright,
 Are they dispatch'd by you ?

S O N G LXXIII.

Quest. 4. *Concerning the springs of the sea*
 Job xxxviii. 16.

(1)

SAY, Hast thou div'd in lower things,
 Descended to survey
 Hid passages and secret springs,
 That feed the spacious sea ?

IVXX(2) NO 2

Hast thou the ocean search'd around,
And heedful wander'd o'er
The many wat'ry walks profound,
Their wonders to explore?

S O N G LXXIV.

Quest. 5. *About the gates of death.*

Job xxxviii. 17.

(1)

HATH death to thee op'd and disclos'd
Her gloomy gates and rooms?
Or hell its dismal shades expos'd,
And horrid longæve * homes?

(2)

Tell then how souls by death at last,
From bodies are unty'd,
And launch'd into the ocean vast,
Of an abyss untry'd?

S O N G LXXV.

Quest. 6. *Concerning the breadth of the earth.*

Job xxxviii. 18.

(1)

HAST thou about the earth, O Job,
E'er drawn thy compass round,
And of this whole terraqueous globe,
Th' exact dimensions found?

(2)

If not, since earth is but a point,
To the vast universe,
How shall thy art and science joint
My counsels deep traverse?

Q

* As applied to hell, it signifies everlasting.

S O N G LXXVI.

Quest. 7. *About the place and path of light
and darkness.*

Job xxxviii. 19, 20, 21, 24.

(1)

KNOW'ST thou the magazines on high,
In which my stores I lay,
And bright materials, to supply
The burning lamps of day?

(2)

My fair ethereal mines from whence
I deal out light so fast,
As to the most profuse expence
The sun and stars can waste?

(3)

Canst thou, for age and skill, explain
The place of darkness, where
Black night, and all her sable train
Of gloomy shades, repair.

(4)

Couldst thou at first, commanding light,
Divide, for equal sway;
The path, for day, to chase the night;
For night, to chase the day?

S O N G LXXVII.

Quest. 8. *Concerning the treasures of snow
and hail.*

Job xxxviii. 22, 23.

(1)

TELL, hast thou been where hail and snow,
My martial treasures, are,
Which I reserve, for times of woe,
And for the day of war?

(2)

Hast thou these airy realms survey'd,
Where I this armour lay,
'Gainst sinful lands to be display'd,
On that tremendous day.

S O N G LXXVIII.

Quest. 9. *Concerning the daily changes of morning and evening.*

Job xxxviii. 24.

(1)

TELL how the parts of light through crouds
Of shades their lustre share,
Ev'n as the east wind scatters clouds,
And clears the ambient air?

(2)

Discover plain, how doth the light
Its radiant wings display,
Hot to pursue the flying night,
And spread the dawning day?

(3)

[Each morning makes a mighty change
By the return of light;
Each ev'ning too seems equal strange,
By the relapse of night,

(4)

Yet men, who still the change expect,
And see't without surprise,
These daily miracles neglect,
Just wrought before their eyes.]

SONG LXXIX.

Quest. 10. Concerning thunder and lightning, clouds and rains by what secret counsels they are directed, and by whose order emitted.

Job xxxviii. 25,—28, 34, 35.

(1)

AGAIN, canst thou declare which way
The heav'nly architect
His cloudy forges up did lay,
And in the air erect?

(2)

And how the mighty pond'rous mafs
Aloft was thither brought,
From which, soon as his light'nings pafs,
Red thunder-bolts are wrought?

(3)

Who raifes vapours from the ground,
Which, pois'd in liquid air,
Fall down in show'rs, through which around,
These dreadful light'nings glare?

(4)

How are the heav'nly aqueducts,
And water-pipes contriv'd,
Whence floods are to the thirsty flocks,
Fruits to the earth, deriv'd?

(5)

Who doth the water-course divide,
And for the rain that falls
By drops or violent show'rs, provide
Fit conduits and canals?

(6)

Discharg'd again to overflow,
As once, the earth and hills;
Each drop does, by direction, go
To rivers and to rills.

(7)

Yet by the show'rs that fill the brooks,
Likewise the wilderness,
Refresh'd does in its chearful looks
Alacrity express.

(8)

In places where no man resides,
Nor does the product share,
The father of the rain provides
For's other creatures there.

(9)

Like healing balm distilling rains
Yield juice to plants and trees,
With drink restore the parched plains,
And thirsty mouths appease.

(10)

Then rising sap that round does glide,
Thrusts out the tender bud,
And crowns, with flow'ry verdant pride,
The desert's shady wood.

(11)

Say, to thy voice or order's will
The circling clouds attend?
And when thou bids them rain distil,
Will then the rain descend?

(12)

Will ready light'nings sudden fly,
Or through the æther shine,
And thunder-claps ring round the sky,
At thy command or mine?

S O N G LXXX.

Quest. II. *Concerning the dew, the ice, and hoary frost.*

Job xxxviii. 28, 29, 30,

(1)

IF thou canst secret things explain,
And hidden causes shew,
Where dwells the Father of the rain?
And who begat the dew?

(2)

How are the hov'ring mists, so soft,
Arrested in their flight,
Then harden'd in the air aloft,
And whiten'd in the night?

(3)

Canst thou the nature of the ice,
With great exactness show,
Which, with its fett'ring artifice,
Forbids the flood to flow,

(4)

Compels the fluid element,
So still and calm, to stand;
Binds rivers with its hard cement,
And makes the water land?

(5)

The billows of the sea congeal'd,
Can roll no farther on;
The ocean's wat'ry face conceal'd,
As with a marble stone.

(6)

Fierce is the frost, what womb did then
So fell a tamer breed,
That's equal *hardy* on the *main*,
As *hoary* on the *mead*?

S O N G LXXXI.

Quest. 12. *About directing of the stars,
and their influences.*

Job xxxviii. 31, 32, 33.

(1)

WEAK man, canst thou in spring restrain,
And bind the influence,
Which, with the kindly fertile rain,
The *Pleiades* dispense ?

(2)

Canst thou in winter loose the chains,
Or break the frosty bands,
With which *Orion* roughly strains,
And binds the passive lands ?

(3)

Canst thou with constellations clothe
And deck the azure skies,
And, in his turn, make *Mazzaroth*,
With southern stars arise ?

(4)

Or, canst thou guide *Arcturus*' pace,
Around the northern pole ;
And bid his bright attending race,
His sons in order roll ?

(5)

Know'st thou the fix'd celestial laws
Of starry pow'rs above ?
Canst thou on earth their influence cause
Descend, or thence remove ?

(6)

Dost thou to ruling stars dispence
What virtue they diffuse ;
Such seasons here to influence,
As thou forsooth shalt choose ?

SONG LXXXII.

Quest. 13. *Concerning the formation and renovation of the soul, or intellectual spirit, in man.*

Job xxxviii. 36.

(1)

WHO knowledge did to man impart,
That ray of light divine?
Who did with wisdom fill his heart,
Was this thy work, or mine?

(2)

To man a noble soul is given,
With shining pow'r supply'd;
More bright than all the stars of heav'n,
To angels fair ally'd.

(3)

The sun above, the light doth bring,
Though seen in air below;
From light divine the soul doth spring,
Her pow'rs in flesh to show.

(4)

The God of nature did impart
This intellectual mind;
The God of grace renews the heart,
With light and light refin'd.

S O N G L X X X I I I .

[Digression concerning the soul's spirituality
and its nature, quite distinct from the
body and its senses. A number of proofs
and demonstrations hereof *

MAN's soul, while in the flesh he lives,
Her pow'r doth exercise
Within the body, yet survives
Although the body dies.

(2)
She's by herself an active thing,
That hath a working might ;
Which nor from sense's pow'r doth spring,
Nor yet from humours spright.

(3)
Were she the body's quality,
She might be sick and blind ;
But in decaying flesh we see
A perfect healthy mind.

(4)
When in th' effects the cause she sees,
From fruits the roots doth know ;
Her views not from her body's eyes,
But from her own do flow.

(5)
When swifter than the lightnings fly,
Her thoughts from east to west,
And round the centre, 'bove the sky,
Move, though the body rest ;

R

* See Sir John Davies' Poem on this Subject.

(6)

When first her works she forms within,
 And sees their perfect end,
 Ere she to act at all begin;
 No aid can senses lend.

(7)

When without hands she builds up tow'rs,
 And without feet doth run;
 Sees without eyes, by her own pow'rs
 These miracles are done.

(8)

When she on vice and virtue thinks,
 Considers general things;
 And from known truths, in divers links,
 A right conclusion brings:

(9)

These actions by herself alone
 Retir'd she does fulfil;
 Of all her body's organs none
 Can aid, her wit or will.

(10)

Yet she in flesh imprison'd lies,
 Must through its windows look,
 Her pow'rs of sense to exercise,
 And read the world's great book.

(11)

Though scarce the soul can judge of ought,
 But what the sense home brings;
 Yet judging pow'rs, and what's thus brought
 Are vastly different things.

(12)

Our eyes can nought but colours see,
 Yet colours give not sight:
 The soul, when seen her objects be,
 Views them by her own light.

(13)

Workmen, on stuff their skill who show,
The stuff ne'er gave them skill;
No more, from objects seen, can flow
Soul pow'rs to act or will.

(14)

Yea, oft to check the sense she's sure,
Nor when it errs agrees;
But crosses it; for, with a pow'r,
Above the sense she sees.

(15)

No sense the holy joys conceives
Which in her closets be;
The ravish'd soul her senses leaves,
And hath her motions free.

(16)

Her distinct nature shines in this,
That her choice works alone
She works: this nature's touch-stone is,
Things by their works are known.

(17)

But why the soul and sense divide,
When sense is but a pow'r,
The soul extends on every side,
Her objects to explore?

(18)

Mere sense cannot one thought command;
For eyes and ears perceive
No more than glasses understand,
What faces they receive.

(19)

Souls guide the sight; for, chance but we
To fix our thoughts elsewhere;
Our eyes, though open, cannot see,
But, like a statue, stare.

(20 .)

And, if one pow'r, which senses bound,
Did not both hear and see;
Then, most confus'd, our sight and sound
Would always double be.

(21 .)

The soul then sense's pow'r contains,
Within a greater pow'r,
Which still employs the sense's pains,
But rules in her own bow'r.

(22 .)

Heav'n in man's soul these pow'rs did grave,
Ev'n her's alone to be;
On earth no other creatures have
These heav'nly pow'rs but we.]

S O N G LXXXIV.

Quest. 14. *About staying the clouds or
stopping the rain.*

Job xxxviii. 37, 38.

WHO can the clouds vast number tell,
That spread from pole to pole?
Who can their falling rain repel,
When pouring out their bowl?

When rain enough hath drench'd the clay,
And clos'd the cleaving clods,
Whose hand can heav'n's full bottle stay,
Tell, is it thine, or God's?

SONG LXXXV.

Quest. 15. *Concerning provision for the lions and ravens.*

Job xxxviii. 39, 40, 41.

(1)

WILD beasts in forests, and in fens,
Whose proper care are they?
The lions old that lurk in dens,
The young that wait the prey?

(2)

Who feeds the ravens and their brood,
When unto God they cry,
And wander far for lack of food,
Say, is it you, or I?

SONG LXXXVI.

Quest. 16. *About the wild goats and the hinds.*

Job xxxix. 1, — 4.

(1)

KNOW'ST thou the time wild goats bring forth
The increase of their flock?
The time when they commit their birth
Unto the flinty rock?

(2)

Canst thou declare the months how long
The pregnant hinds complete?
And when to calve, or cast their young,
They to the brakes retreat?

(3)

In pangs they bow themselves, the wood
Affords them no relief;
Yet there, at once, they both exclude
Their offspring and their grief.

Their calves go seek their meat and find,
 In ranging hill and wood,
 Their fatning corn; nor to the hind
 Return for want of food.

SONG LXXXVII.

Quest. 17. *Concerning the wild ass.*

Job xxxix. 15. — 8.

WHO did to the wild ass's heart,
 That knows no bit nor rein,
 A sense of liberty impart,
 All drivers to disdain?

The tame ass is to labour bound,
 But still the wild is free;
 His house I made the desert round,
 His home the barren lee.

He scorns the city's multitude,
 Refuses to be driven;
 The range of mountains for his food,
 And piles of grass are given.

With freedom blest'd he roves apace,
 And ne'er the desert quits,
 But mocks the tame and stupid ass,
 That his base neck submits.

SONG LXXXVIII.

Quest. 18. Concerning what is called the unicorn.

Job xxxix. 9. ———

((18))

WILL th' unicorn, or savage bull,
The beast of pow'r and pride,
Tame to thy service, bow his will,
Or by thy crib abide?

((2))

Will he thy yoke for labour bear,
And meekly stand in awe?
Or with the plow thy furrows tear,
On vales thy harrows draw?

((3))

Because in strength this rural king
Is mighty, wilt thou yield,
That he be trusted home to bring
Thy harvest from the field?

((4))

To rule so rude an animal
Incapable art thou;
Presum'st thou then to rule the ball,
Or teach me so to do?

SONG LXXXIX.

Quest. 19. Concerning the peacock and the ostrich.

Job xxxix. 13. ———

((19))

BY whose skill was the peacock vain,
With curious colours dy'd?
Whence hath his sweeping tail and train
Its finely painted pride?

(2)

Such beauteous plumes, and wings so wide,
 Tell, whence the ostrich wears;
 So big, the other birds beside,
 A feather'd beast appears?

(3)

Her eggs expos'd she in the dust,
 Where laid, leaves to be warm'd,
 Thoughtless how soon they may be crush'd,
 Or by wild roamers harm'd.

(4)

Her labour vain and fearless is,
 She's harden'd 'gainst her brood;
 For God does from the common bliss
 Of wisdom her exclude.

(5)

Yet if in danger she but lift
 Her neck and wings on high,
 She both the horse, and rider swift,
 Does scornfully defy.

S O N G X C .

Quest. 20. *Concerning the horse for battle.*

Job xxxix. 19, — 25.

(1)

DIDST thou, O Job, for war or state,
 Give to the gen'rous horse
 His confidence, his boldness great,
 His spirit, and his force?

(2)

Hast thou with terror cloath'd his mane?
 Canst thou his courage shake?
 Or cause him, like the little wren,
 Or silly insect, quake?

(3)

With formidable native fire
His snorting nostrils glow;
And smoke and flame in furious fire,
Amidst the battle blow.

(4)

Proud of his strength he paws the ground,
And prances on the land;
Tears up the turf, and spurns around,
The passive yielding sand.

(5)

When he the noisy martial sounds,
And warlike trumpet hears;
He then rejoicing leaps and bounds,
And pricks his listening ears.

(6)

When he perceives, even from afar,
Th' advancing foes alarms,
He forward springs to face the war,
And meet the glittering arms.

(7)

Dauntless he runs on sword and spear,
The warrior's files invades;
And makes his passage, without fear,
Through numerous thick brigades.

(8)

The weapons which the horseman wields,
He mocks with haughty breast;
Of rattling quivers, blazing shields,
He makes a perfect jest.

(9)

In rage he beats and bites the ground,
He dances o'er the plain;
Nor startles at th' alarm's sound,
But pulls the curbing rein.

(10)

Derides the trumpet, scorns the shock,
And mad the bridle champs;
Smelling afar the sulph'rous smoke,
And thunder of the camps.

S O N G XCI.

Quest. 21. *About the hawk and the eagle.*

Job xxxix. 26,—30,

(1)

BESIDE the beasts that tread the ground,
The birds that cleave the air,
Seest thou how they the skill profound
And pow'r of God declare?

(2)

Is't by thy wit the hawk does fly,
And southward stretch her wings?
Or when cold winter drawing nigh
She wisely sun-ward swings?

(3)

Dost thou command the eagle's flight,
And bid her mount the sky,
Aloft to travel in her might,
And make her nest on high?

(4)

Dost thou the royal bird direct
Where thus to build her nest,
That no invading pow'r, or sect,
May dare her peace molest?

(5)

That with the strongest forts to vye,
She might her dwelling keep,
In craggy cliffs, immensely high,
Insuperably steep.

(6)

Thence down her haughty eyes she bends,
Low valleys to survey,
And like a thunderbolt descends
To truss her heedless prey.

(7)

Then soon her crooked pounces bare
The carcass takes and tears ;
And to her young, swift through the air,
The bloody banquet bears.

(8)

These creatures act by that instinct
For which thou can't account ;
How must their maker, dost thou think,
Thy silly views surmount ?

S O N G XCH.

Quest. 22. *About contending with God :
Or, A humble challenge given to such as
quarrel God's proceedings.*

Job xl. 1, 2.

(1)

SHALL God be taught ? by whom ? by one
That quarrels his decrees ?
His measures just be overthrown,
A plaintiff proud to please ?

(2)

'Gainst God shall a contender blind,
Presumptuously essay,
To teach him how to change his mind,
And how to mend his way ?

(3)

T'upbraid th' Almighty, what is this
But justice to distrust?
For he who God, almighty is
Can never be unjust.

(4)

Since from his creatures never he
Had ought to hope or fear,
Can such a being tempted be
Amids the helm to steer?

(5)

Shall God to man's instruction bow?
Shall man presume to learn
And teach the great Creator, how
His creatures to govern?

(6)

Who, of the whole created tribe,
My ways can rectify?
Shall silly mortal man prescribe,
And dictate unto me?

(7)

He therefore must be catechiz'd,
That would his maker teach;
And, not with his proceedings pleas'd,
Of folly him impeach.

(8)

Let then th' accuser, that would scan,
And blame my ways profound,
Solve at his peril, if he can,
The questions I propound.

SONG XCH.

Job's humble submission: Or, The murmuring
mouth stopped, and unjust complaints
silenced.

Job xl. 3, 4, 5.

(1)

BEHOLD, O Lord, most vile am I,

For now thy heav'nly light

Detects the great stupidity

That did my mind benight.

(2)

I sinn'd in that I sought so bold

The argument to state;

And judg'd that with thee I could

Thy providence debate.

(3)

Sham'd and confounded I resign,

For now I can't withstand

Thy words and arguments divine,

Nor answer one demand.

(4)

Once have I spoken, Lord, yea, twice,

And though my words were few,

Yet great their number, gross their vice,

Did high presumption shew.

(5)

Upon my mouth, which argu'd vain,

Henceforth my hand be laid;

I spake what I won't speak again,

Nor stand to what I said.

(6)

Prostrate before thy feet I lie,

Through grace, I'll now adore

Thy greatness, pow'r, and majesty,

But I'll contend no more.

S O N G X C I V.

Quest. 23. Moe challenges given to Job for his further humiliation. The vanity of vying with God for justice, or of charging him with unrighteousness.

Job xl. 6, 7, 8.

(1)

'TIS good for thee, O man, that thou
Down to thy knees be thrust;
Yet better is the lower bow,
Down to the very dust.

(2)

That therefore thy assuming mind,
Be levell'd to the ground,
Some further questions are design'd,
Thy boasted skill to sound.

(3)

Oft didst thou wish to plead with me,
Prepare then for the task,
If courage yet remain with thee
To answer what I ask.

(4)

Thou didst with confidence too bold,
Thy spotless virtue boast,
And yet my care and kindness hold
As quite extinct and lost.

(5)

But since my care does ev'n respect
My lowest creatures clan,
How canst thou judge that I neglect
My nobler creature, man?

(6)

Wilt thou my judgment just defame,
That thou mayst righteous be?
Canst thou thy innocence proclaim,
Without reproaching me?

(7)

Must my proceedings be controul'd,
Thy character to clear?
My deep decrees be disannul'd,
Thy name and fame to rear?

(8)

Vain man, wilt thou so slanderous
Thy righteous God indite?
Dost thou thy kind Redeemer thus
Ungratefully requite?

S O N G X C V.

*Quest. 24. The vanity of vying with God
for power, and majesty, and dominion
over proud and wicked enemies.*

Job xl. 9, ——— 14.

(1)

HAST thou an arm like God that can
Against him take the field,
And win by force? Art thou, O man,
With pow'r Almighty steel'd?

(2)

Canst thou both heav'n and earth sedate,
Fright with a dreadful noise,
Or most exactly imitate
Jehovah's thund'ring voice?

(3)

If thou, poor mean dependent wight,
Presum'st with God to vye,
Then now adorn thyself with light,
With pomp and majesty;

(4)

With state and dread that can and will
The hosts of hell annoy;
With beauties too, that heav'n can fill
With wonder and with joy.

(5)

Cast forth the fury of thy wrath,
See and abase the proud;
And look them down to hell beneath,
Whose wealth their vices shroud;

(6)

Hide thou and bind them in the dust,
And crown them in their caves;
For here's the work of God, the just,
Who digs the wickeds graves.

(7)

Do these great things, then thou, I'll grant,
Mayst thine own saviour be:
But, weak, unequal combatant,
Submit thou must to me.

S O N G X C V I .

*An instance of divine power in Behemoth;
that is, as some think, the Elephant.*

Job xl. 15, ——— 24.

(1)

BEHOLD again, to stop the mouth,
And bring thee further down,
Thy fellow creature, Behemoth,
A beast so strong, so grown.

(2)

Were flesh his meat, what would suffice
His vast capacious womb,
Which could whole flocks, at once or twice,
And num'rous herds entomb?

(3)

Therefore it was the Maker's care,
Such ruin to prevent,
To make the ox's food his fare,
The grass his aliment.

(4)

The strength I did on him bestow,
Within his loins remains;
The navel of his belly too
His mighty force contains.

(5)

Like to a cedar, tall and high,
With tempests tost about,
From side to side, in gallantry
He moves his pliant snout.

(6)

Wrapt are the sinews of his thighs,
Like complicated cords,
Which close invol'd with many ties,
United force affords.

(7)

His bones are firm like bolts of brass,
Which guard the pond'rous frame;
Their strength the bars of iron surpass,
Well temper'd in the flame.

(8)

O th' brutal kind this bulky beast
Is the chief work of mine;
Craft, use, in him, beyond the rest,
Structure and strength combine.

(9)

On him his Maker did bestow,
 Instead of fighting arms,
 An active trunk to wound his foe,
 And guard himself from harms.

(10)

But God can kill the Elephant,
 Soon as a gnat or fly;
 So will his sword the combatant,
 That dare his pow'r defy.

(11)

This beast prodigious, for his food,
 Frequents the verdant plains,
 The grassy mountains, deserts broad,
 Where he a monarch reigns.

(12)

And there to him the forest's beasts
 Do all in troops resort;
 They know him harmless to his guests,
 And by him fearless sport.

(13)

Thence he retreats to groves for ease,
 Lies in the shady wood,
 By reeds and fens, and willow trees,
 That deck the purling flood.

(14)

Fearless his mouth he, when a thirst,
 To Jordan does apply;
 Nor doubts but with a glut, at first,
 He'll drink the river dry.

(15)

He draws it up with greedy eyes,
 And who can, in his sight,
 With him attempt, or enterprize,
 A fair and open fight?

(16)

Who can, by force, the beast command?
And who e'er undertook,
Into his nose, with strength of hand,
To fix the servile hook?

(17)

Through snares and gins his piercing nose
And snout is his defence;
By art surprize him may his foes,
But not by violence.

(18)

Thou dar'st not that strong beast offend,
Lest soon he thee devour;
Why wilt thou then with God contend,
From whom he gets his pow'r?

S O N G XCVII.

*Of the Leviathan in general: that is, the
Whale, or Crocodile: man, being unable
to subdue and tame him, must own him-
self to be utterly unable to stand before
the great God.*

Job xli. 1, — 10.

(1)

JOB, if thou canst debate with me,
As thou didst boldly wish,
I'll but produce, for humbling thee,
A formidable fish.

(2)

Canst thou the great leviathan
Draw out with hook or line?
Or in the deep the whale trepan
With common baits of thine?

((3))

Canst thou run through his gills a thorn, W
 A jav'lin through his jaw ?
 Or with a cord, he laughs to scorn,
 Ashore the monster draw.

((4))

Will he like man in great distress,
 With tender words intreat
 Thy pity, and with meek address,
 His moan to thee repeat ?

((5))

Will he a contract with thee make,
 To be thy slave for ay ?
 Tam'd as a bird, wilt thou him take
 To be thy children's play ?

((6))

Will he be bound and so submissive,
 As thy domestic sort ?
 He that to man a terror is
 Be to thy maids a sport ?

((7))

Shall neighbours make a hearty meal
 Of him when catch'd by art ?
 And soon his bones and oil for sale
 Among the merchants part ?

((8))

Is't easy work his scaly skin,
 With barbed ir'ns to prick ;
 His head with spears to assailline,
 And touch him to the quick ?

((9))

Suppose thy hardy valour should
 The furious beast assail,
 Think'st thou that swords and daggers would
 Soon o'er his strength prevail ?

(10)

Suppose thou shouldest with thy life
Escape his dreadful rage,
Thou wouldest remind the fearful strife,
And dread anew t'engage.

(11)

The hope of conquest here is vain *;
For, with amazing sight,
The stoutest hero would, as slain,
Faint at the monster's sight.

(12)

In sleep no giant iron-clad
Dare his disturber be;
What mortal, then, with fury mad,
Dare face and fight with me?

S O N G XCVIII.

The power of God set forth in a more particular description of the Leviathan.

Job xli. 11, — 34.

(1) § 1.

SAY, in what creature's debt am I,
That as injur'd can whine?
For what's beneath and 'bove the sky
Is all and wholly mine.

(2)

Ev'n brutal hosts spread my report,
From smallest mites and snails,
To monsters of the biggest sort,
The crocodiles and whales.

* viz. When the engagement is single; or by any one man alone; in opposition to

(3)

My sole dominion, sov'reign pow'r;
 I'll further yet display;
 In my huge creature, nam'd before,
 With a more close survey,

(4)

His parts, his pow'r, I'll not conceal,
 Nor his proportion fair;
 For these, by signs, my name reveal,
 My skill and pow'r declare.

(5)

A monster comely I yea, let none
 At me obliquely strike,
 To call ought ugly I have done,
 Till they can do the like.

(6) § 2.

Who can discover, or disclose?
 His skinny garment's face?
 Who dare approach his mouth or nose,
 With bridle him to brace?

— (7) § 1.

He that his mouth dares ope would see
 In's jaws the throne of death;
 Long spears, like murd'ring teeth, which he
 In dreadful order hath.

(8) § 3.

With scales, like shields, compact he's stor'd,
 These are his strength and pride;
 His coat of mail that does the sword
 And glittering dart deride.

(9)

They are so fast and firmly bound,
 So close together join'd,
 That his itself, which floats around,
 Can no admission find.

(10) § 4.

His sneezing terror breeds on sight;
For from his nostrils flies
A flash like that of lightning bright,
When darted through the skies.

(11)

His shining eyes, with splendid blaze,
The neighb'ring meads adorn;
Bright as the dawning lucid rays,
And beauties of the morn'g.

(12)

While also fiery reeking breath
Breaks from his hollow throat,
As from a burning forge beneath,
Or cauldron boiling hot.

(13) § 5.

His lips do, God-like, wrath proclaim,
To such as move his ire;
For from his mouth leap smoke and flame,
With streaming sparks of fire.

(14)

When's neck his seat of strength he rears,
Then sorrow and annoy
That march before with woes and fears,
Make up his pompous joy.

(15)

Triumphant terrors, palling bound,
His hideous pomp compose;
And dread that seizes all around
Where'er he comes or goes.

(16) § 6.

His flakes of flesh so fast invol'd,
So firm in ev'ry part;
Their joining scarce can be dissolv'd,
By violence or art.

(17)

His heart is like a marble hard;
 Relentless is his breast;
 Which ne'er did tender moans regard,
 Nor pity e'er express'd.

(18) § 7.

When like a mount, amidst the waves,
 He lifts his monstrous head,
 The boldest boasters will, as slaves,
 His awful presence dread.

(19)

The stoutest sea-men tremble now,
 Each like a quaking leaf,
 Lest he o'erturn their ships, or do
 Some terrible mischief.

(20)

His water-breakings threatening death,
 Themselves they purify,
 And deprecate impending wrath,
 As doom'd anon to die.

(21) § 8.

Should they attempt, with sword in hand,
 The monster to attack;
 Bright steel in bits, like crumbling sand,
 Would break upon his back.

(22)

Vain's the defensive coat of mail,
 Th' offensive javelin;
 For hardly spears nor darts avail
 To pierce his scaly skin.

(23)

The iron's but, in his esteem,
 A bulrush by the flood;
 And, brassy weapons to him seem
 But shafts of rotten wood.

(24)

Fierce arrows cannot make him flee;
Sling stones and darts appear;
But straw to him; he laughs to see
The shaking of the spear.

(25) § 9.

When, in the deep he rolls aside,
From place to place remote,
He agitates the waves and tide
Like to a boiling pot.

(26)

His motion so ferments the streams,
The foaming waters face,
A pot of boiling ointment seems,
And shows a stern grimace.

(27)

His frothy track, when e'er he swims
And rides his wat'ry stage,
So bright appears, the ocean seems
As hoary grown with age.

(28)

Such foam and froth his path pursue,
They seem to fence his rear,
And turn the waters azure hue,
To white with sudden fear.

(29) § 10.

In bulk and strength 'mong animals
His equal is not found;
Though he, of stature low, but crawls,
And creeps along the ground.

(30)

Yet he the proudest warrior beast
Insultingly disdains;
And, fearless made, o'er all the rest
He like a monarch reigns.

U

(31)

The strongest creatures on the earth
Do tremble at his sight ;
He them in pieces tears with mirth,
And with his sportive might.

(32)

With scorn he sees each lofty thing,
The stoutest to deride ;
Yea bears his Maker's stamp, as King
O'er all the sons of pride.

S O N G X C I X .

*Job's humble confession and petition: A
penitential prayer.*

Job xlii. 1, — 4.

(1)

LORD, to thy awful words intent,
I see they brightly shine,
With marks of pow'r omnipotent,
And majesty divine.

(2)

Convinc'd by thy enlight'ning speech,
I rashly have, I own,
By climbing heights above my reach,
Audacious folly shown ;

(3)

Vent'ring, by reason reasonless,
That short unequal line,
To sound the huge immense abyss,
Of providence divine.

(4)

That thou, Lord, canst do every thing
I now more clearly see ;
None can from thee hide their design,
Nor hinder thy decree.

(5)

In things too wonderful for me,
And utterly unknown,
I spake but unadvisedly,
And foolishly, I own.

(6)

I'm that presumptuous mortal bold
That darken'd counsel so
By words unwise, as I was told,
My pride to overthrow.

(7)

Thy deep designs in trying me
My blind eyes could not spy,
Whence I presum'd to quarrel thee,
So great a fool was I.

(8)

O let thine anger be appeas'd!
Hear my repentant speech;
Through him in whom thou art well pleas'd,
Thy favour I beseech.

(9)

Of knowledge I will boast no more,
Nor haughtily behave,
But silently thy name adore
Thy information crave.

(10)

Lord, scatter clouds that mar my sight,
Thy truth divine display;
Dispel remaining shades of night,
And spread my mind with day.

S O N G C .

Job's deep humiliation, which made way to his remarkable exaltation : Or, The happy issue of affliction, sanctified, accompanied with divine instruction.

Blod Job xlii. 5, 6.

(1)
O' LORD, I with the outward ear
Have heard of thee before;
I knowlege had that wanted fear,
Nor led me to adore.

(2)
But now mine eyes more clearly see,
In fair Immanuel's face;
Thy wisdom, pow'r, and majesty,
Thy glorious truth and grace.

(3)
My present views of thee so far
Exceed the former sort,
As demonstration ocular,
Exceeds a bare report.

(4)
Hence conscious-fings, like arrows smart,
Deep in my bosom stick;
And self-displeasure strikes my heart,
And wounds me to the quick.

(5)
For now myself I loath and hate;
With shame my face I vail;
And all my errors, past of late,
In dust and ashes wail.

(6)

I grew impatient of the rod,
Nor can I answer why
I clear'd myself, and censur'd God,
O what a beast was I !

(7)

Unwise I curs'd the very day
In which thou gav'st me birth ;
And challeng'd rash thy sov'reign sway,
And government on earth.

(8)

Lo ! then, my brutish ignorance,
I through thy grace repent ;
My passion, pride, and arrogance,
With tears I now resent.

(9)

How base and blinded have I been,
That set myself so high !
But having now thy glory seen,
I low before thee ly.

(10)

At mercy's feet I'll hopeful stay ;
For never was the case,
That one was lost, who prostrate lay
Before the throne of grace.

T H E E N D .

JOHN H. M. N. S.

I grew impatient of the law
I grew impatient of the law
I grew impatient of the law
O what a heart was!

Unwilling I grew impatient
In which I grew impatient
And I grew impatient of the law
And I grew impatient of the law

For I grew impatient
I grew impatient of the law
I grew impatient of the law
I grew impatient of the law

How pale and bluish have I been
That I grew impatient of the law
But having no other way
I low before the law

At once a low before the law
For I grew impatient of the law
That one was low before the law
Before the law of the law

T. H. M. N. S.

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